

THE NEW NORTH.

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RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1894.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

And it snowed.
Can you write 1894 yet?
The town board was in session last Tuesday.

Go to J. W. Berry for groceries and save money.
Ernest Keppler was over from Woodboro Monday.

Fresh dairy butter for 25 cents per pound at J. W. Berry's.

John W. Blinn and wife came up from Antigo Tuesday.

A daughter arrived at the home of S. S. Miller New Years.

Sheriff Max Sells was down from Vilas county this morning.

You can get prizes at J. W. Berry's that will meet the times.

A liberal discount on everything bought of J. W. Berry.

D. H. Vaughn and wife were guests of friends here Monday evening.

Oscar Jenne, of Woodboro, attended the Masonic ball Tuesday evening.

Dee McIntoe, wife and children, of Barron, visited their people here this week.

Leander, Choate, of Oshkosh, was in the city Tuesday looking after his business interests.

John Barnes left for Wausan Tuesday to take some depositions in an important law suit.

Choice roll dairy butter, fresh eggs, cream puffs and Boston brown bread at Keeble's bakery.

Charlie McAllister has taken the position of woods foreman for the Geo. E. Wood Lumber Company.

John W. Blinn, of Antigo, a graduate of a Chicago Optical School, talks of engaging in business here.

Ernest Keult was in town over Sunday, visiting his family. He is running a market at Hermansville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Beers' little daughter has been suffering with scarlet fever but is about well now.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. LeFevre were down from Tomahawk Lake Tuesday evening to attend the Masonic party.

M. Langdon will sell you 20 pounds of granulated sugar for a dollar, beginning Tuesday noon. Get there early.

Archie Steywright proved up on his claim Tuesday, before Court Clerk Sturdevant.

Sam Cole has proved up on his homestead. It is up on Lake Creek about five miles from town.

Over three hundred dollars worth of hospital tickets were sold at Woodboro by a couple of Rhinelander agents last week.

Clark & Lennon can supply you with hard and soft stove coal, blacksmith coal or any other kind of coal. Call on them when you want any.

If there is a man in town who knows "Ole Oleson" he should come forward. There are numerous signs about the city, asking if he is here.

Captain C. H. Henry, of Eau Claire, was in the city Tuesday on business. He reports logging operations on the Chippewa waters as progressing as well as could be expected.

Fred Shepard, a loader employed by the Murphy's, near Cavour, had a leg badly crushed between two logs Tuesday. He was brought here to St. Mary's Hospital.

New Year's was an ideal day. The temperature was moderate and the sleighing perfect. At night at least a dozen sleigh load and "straw ride" parties were out. It was well along into the shank of the evening before quietude brooded over the city.

Don't forget that Axel Lindgren, the tailor, can clean, repair or dye your old clothes so that you yourself won't recognize them. Good work and prompt time is his motto. If you need anything in his line call on him, over Cruse's store.

The success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in effecting a speedy cure of colds, croup and whooping cough has brought it into great demand. Messrs. Pontius & Son, of Cameron, Ohio, say that it has gained a reputation second to none in that vicinity. Jas. M. Queen, of Johnston, W. Va., says it is the best he ever used. B. F. Jones, druggist, Winona, Miss., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly reliable. I have always warranted it and it never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction." 50 cent bottles for sale at the Palace Drug Store.

Ben Edwards left for Chicago last Friday.

Johnny Lonelini, of Minocqua, was in town Saturday.

Miss Musa Sanford, of Merrill, was a guest at Ed Roger's over New Years.

Mrs. Charles Pingry has gone to Illinois for a three month's visit to relatives.

Remember that John Dillon will be at the Grand Opera House Wednesday, Feb. 10.

Charles F. Lincoln and wife have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Kincaid for a couple of weeks past.

The young people of the city were out in force New Years night, enjoying a sleigh ride around the city.

Bradley & Kelly expect to start up their McNaughton mill to-morrow; when their new engine is expected.

John Barnes was at Eagle River last week looking after the Sheridan Lumber Co. business, of which he is receiver.

The only argument against incorporation as a city, is a financial one, and it looks very much as though the best of the argument lay in its favor on that score.

Better local government will come after incorporation as a city. That alone is enough to make incorporation desirable.

We want to say to a good many of our delinquent subscribers that they will save themselves some money by paying up their indebtedness to this office now.

The masquerade ball at the New Grand Opera House New Years night was a success in every way. The street parade was quite a drawing feature and created much laughter.

John Landers, who is marked by the Hoo Hoo for future fecklessness, was in town Tuesday, looking as placid as the Pelican in June. He doesn't know the Hoo Hoo is after him.

E. C. Vessey has purchased the meat business and stock fixtures of Hunt Bros. and began business yesterday. Mr. Vessey was in the same business in Rhinelander a number of years ago and is no stranger to any branch of it. He will no doubt do well.

For pains in the chest there is nothing better than a flannel cloth saturated with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of pain. It will produce a counter irritation without blistering, and is not so disagreeable as mustard; in fact is much superior to any plaster on account of its pain-relieving qualities. If used in time it will prevent pneumonia. 50 cent bottles for sale at the Palace Drug Store.

The stockholders of the Merchants State Bank held their annual meeting Monday night at the bank. The old directors were all re-elected and at a meeting of these directors Tuesday evening the old officers and committees of the bank were re-elected. The showing made during the past year was satisfactory to the stockholders and the management of the bank complimented on its condition.

A Rhinelander Debating Society recently determined to give the members a chance to discuss the country business stagnation, so as to determine, if possible, the real cause of the hard times. One of the members, a law clerk, was told to frame the proposition in shape for debate, and after struggling with it until the next meeting he submitted for debate this: "Resolved, That what ails us."

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. It is intended especially for colds, croup and whooping cough." 50 cent bottles for sale at the Palace Drug Store.

James Huley, a sawyer in Johnson & Muzervay's camp in Forest county, was hurt in a peculiar way last week, that almost cost him his life. An old dead tree had been burning for several days, and one morning as Huley was walking near it before daylight it fell without any warning or noise, and struck him fair. His arm and shoulder was broken and his skull cracked. For three days he was insensible and is still out of his head but is improving rapidly. He is at St. Mary's Hospital.

The Lyceum League.

A number of young men of the town have organized the John C. Spooner Club, No. 619, Lyceum League of America. They will procure a suitable room and expect to derive much benefit from it, as they doubtless will. It is a League with membership all over the country, and its aims are to enlighten the young men on the great issues of the day, and to enable and train them to be good citizens of this republic. The John C. Spooner Club held its election Tuesday night and the following officers were chosen:

President, Geo. R. Reed.
Vice-President, Frank Lambert.
Secretary, Harley Woodard.
Treasurer, Ray LaSelle.
Standing committee, Harry Davis, C. Christofferson.

Some Eagle River Opinions of Lloyd.
A newspaper:—"Whenever we see Lloyd coming to town we know there is some dirty work going to be done."

A merchant:—"We had ought to have known him better."

A county officer:—"He's a ———"

A hotel keeper:—"Please don't talk to me about it."

Another hotel man:—"What can you expect when a crowd of slant heads let such a ——— get the upper bolts on them."

An ex-town official and an offox:—"Well, we are away from Rhinelander, anyway, and that's all I want."

A judge:—"While I am opposed to expressing myself in newspaper interviews, you may say that I am inclined to think that possibly Mr. Lloyd's work since the legislature adjourned has not been altogether in our interests, and that, while I am loth to be thus publicly quoted, I am afraid that my estimate of the gentleman, if I am correctly informed as to the county board proceedings, will have to be revised somewhat. Kindly submit a proof of the interview before you print it."

A stranger in town:—"This man Lloyd must have been giving these people little the worst of it, the way they holler."

A man who deals in money:—"Was just thinking about sending down to Lloyd for a breathing permit."

Passing of the Year.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three has gone. For that we are thankful and may we never have the experience of another one like it.

Six hundred banks and more than 16,000 commercial and manufacturing establishments have been forced to close their doors.

Seventy-three railway corporations have gone into the hands of receivers. The liabilities of the collapsed banks footed up \$214,000,000; the liabilities of the insolvent commercial and manufacturing establishments approximated \$331,000,000. The debts of the railway corporations tied up in receiverships amount to \$1,300,000,000.

The country has been filled with a pitiful army of the unemployed, and thousands upon thousands who were prosperous workingmen a year ago are to-day, with their families, dependent upon charity for bread.

A time of calamities is usually a time of crimes, and the crime record of 1893 has helped to deepen the gloom of the year.

No one can but feel that this unparalleled record of business misfortune will hardly be repeated or even approached in the year 1894. The year just closed has been the blackest one to the people as a whole that the country has known since the war of the rebellion. The cause and future effect, politically, of such a state of affairs is not necessary to discuss now as every man has his idea on that point pretty well developed.

Rhinelander has not felt the extreme badness of the year in so marked a degree as some other cities in the state, but she has felt it plenty plain enough and will feel it for some time to come. The lumber output here during the year was not greatly below that of previous seasons, and our mills run longer and steadier than those of other valley cities. In a mercantile way the hard times have been easy on us. Not a failure has taken place and the older and larger business houses have done about as much as in previous years. The amount of building done here in '93 will compare favorably to any city of its size in the state. A great many residences have been added to the long list in "the city of home-builders," and many of them were of a size and character to be decided acquisitions to the place. There has also been a great deal of "paying up" on homes, and many a laboring man

has cleared his home of debt. The year has not shown the increase to our manufacturing industries which it was hoped it would, for the reason that these are not times when capital is seeking investment and new industries are started. There is too much uncertainty about what the Southern Democrats will decide on as good for the North for anyone to invest money outside of channels not absolutely necessary.

What will '94 bring forth? To Rhinelander it should be far from a bad year. There is some likelihood of Congress taking definite action and going home, when the country can again figure with some certainty. There are now arrangements in progress for a number of important additions to the town's institutions, which are being quietly pressed, and from them something good is pretty sure to come. Let everybody pull together as they have done and the result will be as it has been in the past—a steady and healthy development of the resources of the best young city in Northern Wisconsin.

Overshoes for you all at Beers:

Miss Ella Dunn gave a party to a number of friends last Friday evening.

"Discovered at last, or the secret of the Felt Shoe", is a story which is interesting to all who have feet and stay in this country from now until spring. You can hear it, in all its details, by calling at Beers' clothing store.

Louis Zollinski, of the Onelda Clothing House, has a new advertisement in this issue, and for the year 1894, will make that space one of the most interesting in the paper. Watch it, and you will wear not diamonds but good clothes and they will cost you no more than inferior ones.

The stock holders of the First National Bank held their annual meeting on the 1st. The old directors were chosen for another year and at the directors meeting the old officers were re-elected. The bank has had a prosperous year and is in a flourishing condition.

The Minneapolis Stock Yards & Packing Co. which has been conducting the City Market here since P. A. Hallet's departure quit business in Minneapolis some time ago. Their business here was the last to be wound up, the wind up taking place yesterday. They are figuring with several parties for the sale of the outfit, and no doubt a new firm will open up at the old stand soon.

Lay Sermons.

"Who is this that darkeneth council by words without knowledge?"
Job, 38-2.

My subject this morning is slang. Webster defines this word in part as follows: "Low, vulgar, unauthorized language; a popular but unauthorized word, phrase or mode of expression." It is not the intention to preach against slang as especially a sin, because most of my congregation use it more or less, and even the preacher is not entirely except. It therefore deserves a more moderate nomenclature than is generally applied to human transgressions. But it is hard to find an exactly fitting term. "A slight infraction of the laws of good breeding." "A LARGES LANGUAGE incompatible with good taste." "A word or phrase whose expression is a meaningless explosion." "A mental shaft shot at random." These and many other definitions might be applied. You have paid your money and can take your choice.

Slang is not to be indiscriminately condemned. Some have received the endorsement of the lexicographers. Whatever the dictionary says is right, and he who disputes its authority is a literary rebel. Moreover, some forms of slang are more expressive than the most refined and elegant language. I mean, of course, slang words or phrases that are really more than expletives. Times, surroundings and circumstances govern the use of language. In this bustling world men have not generally time to carefully select their words. Good rhetoric is not usually applicable to a horse trade, or, if so, there is no leisure for its application. A man's language can hardly be required to be the same in a bar room as in a parlor. There must be some concessions made to the circumstances in which a man is placed, the times in which he lives and the circle in which he moves.

Thus far we have spoken of men only. And by that we mean the males of the human species, those who, in the domestic and financial spheres,

are supposed to boss the job. With regard to the use of slang, men should be allowed more latitude than their female congeners. You may consider that old foggyish, perhaps, but it is true. Whatever progressionists may propose theoretically, they must fail practically when they seek to put men and women on a universal level. It can't be done. Equal they may and should be politically, financially, domestically and every other way which can be marked out and controlled by human laws and customs. But there are certain idiosyncracies beyond the control and regulation of man's laws and customs. Nature takes a hand sometimes, and when she does, man may as well jump the gun. This is no bare assertion. "Come now let us reason together." You expect greater utility and durability from a good job than from an inferior one. You look for finer emanations from a pure mind than from a coarse one. You have a right to anticipate better results from a symmetrical moral nature than from one that has been warped by bad manipulation or guarded by the storms of life. These are truisms. You must concede them. Woman is the best job nature ever put up. The Divine Architect made no mistake there. Even conceding Eve's facile yielding to temptation, her descendants are, morally and religiously, the better half of humanity. If so, we have a right to expect from her better creations of the mind, purer outflowings from the heart. Therefore, as to the subject under consideration, we have a right to demand that her words shall reflect the purity of her heart and the superiority of her mind. Reverence for true womanhood is evidence of true manhood. But true womanhood is not merely ideal, it is practical. If the angel dwells within it will surely materialize in outward manifestations. You might as well expect a rose to suppress its fragrance as for a genuine woman to conceal her grace and beauty. Nature put that grace and beauty there for a purpose. What was this purpose? To demonstrate to man that the heavenly and earthly are allied, and thus draw man to a higher plane. But even an angelic nature which fails of expression is no better than vacancy. As the effect of music is in its harmony, so the effect of character is in its outward expression. The Venus of Milo would lose all its attraction if, as we stood admiring it, the beautiful lips should open and give utterance to a parrot's squawk. So the fairest face of living woman would become repulsive if her utterances were offensive and unwomanly. We might imagine a scene, in which should be enacted the most beautiful drama of life, turned into the most disgusting travesty. A young gentleman, in the vigor of aspiring manhood, has resolved to offer to the girl he loves the tribute of an honest heart and the devotion of a manly life. There is no levity in his thoughts. There is an expectant joy, high hope and noble purpose. He doesn't sit down and twirl his thumbs and stammer, but goes straight to the point and says "Mary, I love you, truly and honestly, and want you for my wife. Do you think you can return my love?" "You bet I can," says Mary. "Will you be my true and loving wife?" he asks. "Well I should smile," she answers. "But," continues this fearful and persistent lover, "I fear I am not worthy of you, and that you may sometime regret your choice." "O rats," says the angel, "what are you giving me?" "Let up on that foolishness. I think you are awfully sweet, and accept your bid. Shake!" Of course the scene is exaggerated, as dramatic scenes generally are, but, like such scenes there is more truth than poetry in it. There is not an expression there we have not heard from the lips of women whose hearts we know to be good and pure. But there was a lack of appreciation of what, should be the finishing touch of womanly character, namely, purity of thought and dignity of expression. Some people will reply by denouncing your beloved preacher as prig and purist. But no matter, it is the truth just the same. Woman is God's best gift to man, and she is never so unjust to man as when she is untrue to herself. Woman, with her almost omnipotence, should be the evangelist of man. She can be if she will. She has only to be true to herself; true to the divine nature within her and steadfast to the work she finds to do; and sometime, through her devotion, her pure example, her all-embracing love, working in harmony with the Master's plan, humanity will be restored and lost Paradise regained. So mote it be.

Spafford & Cole.

When the store reaches a turning point in season goods our practice has always been to unload at largely reduced prices. We have more goods that are saleable only in cold weather than we ought to have. Such as Plush Cloaks, Cloths, plain and fur trimmed, Jackets, Elegant beaver and Llama wool Shawls, Muffs and Furs in sets, Women's felt Shoes and Slippers, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Men's Chinchilla coats and vests, Men's and boys' heavy suits, suitable for winter wear, Men's and Boys' Plush and Cloth Caps and Men's Heavy Underwear are goods which we are selling for what they cost us. If you can use any of them they are very cheap. Our only object in selling them at cost is that we need money more than we need the goods.

Besides this we have reduced prices on all our shoes and overshoes. We have lines which we are closing out at cost. Do not forget that we sell the celebrated McClure Shoe, the best shoe for fit and wear made.

We are still headquarters for everything to cat.



We received a very nice letter from Mr. Pillsbury, complimenting us on our large sales of "Pillsbury's Best" which had increased from 196 bbls. in 1892, to 573 bbls. in 1893. They all bow to "Pillsbury's Best."

If you want hardware cheap you can buy of us cheaper than anywhere else.

Don't forget the No. or place.

Spafford & Cole.

TRAINING HIM DOWN.

Why the Rest of the Crew Were Not Invited.

They rated and they rated at him; but he was impervious.

His serene does not matter in the least; it had long been forgotten. The coach of the variety crew knew him as Six, and the rest of the crew as Jumbo, though, of course, he may have had another title.

He was as strong as a bull, and they had thought training would do much for him; but he was so heavy.

"He could spare a stone if he could get it off him," said the president ruefully.

"It's too late to try Turkish baths," said Parsons, late of Trinity, who had been down to see the crew train; "can't you tell him you'll wire for Huggins, of Calais, if he does not look out, and worry him one way or another until he gets excited?"

"Nothing worries him," said the president, mournfully.

"Nothing?"

"Well, nothing that's any use here," said the president. "He confided in me last winter that he was desperately in love with some one. He had her up during the May weeks—said she inspired him. I really believe running after her kept his weight down; he used to say she treated him badly, and told me a lot of rot when we were going down to Ely to practice in the autumn."

"What's her name?"

"Dorothy—Dorothy Derriek; you'd know it if you'd heard it as often as I have. All the time the trials were practicing he used to write hexameters on it, and recite them in the shower bath at the boat-house."

"And now he's engaged, I suppose, and happy, so he puts on flesh."

"Not a bit of it; it's all off," he says, and his mind is at rest, confound him! I don't wonder she could not stand his easy-going ways, great lethargic brute."

Mr. Parsons was a grave-looking young man, and he looked portentously solemn as he sat reading a brief in the temple that night. When he had done he went out to supper, with some of the cleverest of his friends.

When he came back he turned grave again, and sat down and wrote a long letter about Six and his sins to the president of the C. U. B. C., who read it in solemn silence at breakfast, casting baleful glances at Jumbo; but Jumbo seemed to have nothing more harassing to think of than how to serve enough sustenance out of training diet to make thirteen stone thirteen pounds feel comfortable inside.

Then he went out; there was a garden to the house where they were staying, and he said there was a man opposite who smoked. He could watch him, if he could do no more.

The rest of the crew were talking in the hall when he returned; they grew suddenly silent when he had entered and they saw his face.

"Good heavens! you chaps," he said, "look here!" He was holding a sheet of paper in his hand.

"What is it?" they all said at once.

"I don't quite know," he said; "a small boy asked me my name and put it into my hand, and made a face and looked it. I don't understand it, but it reads awful. Her name and mine, and 'Victoria' by the grace of—the devil, there's something on the back!"

If he was white before he was green afterward, as the president looked over his shoulder and read out aloud: "The plaintiff's claim is for damages for breach of promise of marriage."

"It's awful for me, isn't it?" said Six, disconsolately.

"It's worse for the variety," said the secretary, in awestruck tones.

"Let's go out in the garden and talk it over before a rubbing time," said the president and secretary linked their arms in his and drew him gently, but firmly, through the front door.

"I can't row to-day," said Six, in a hopeless way. "Can you excuse me? I got Simpson in, or some one, just while I go to town and call on Dorothy and put things to rights; she can't really mean to ruin me; she knows I never really said I would, because she never would give me the chance."

"I think the matter had better be put into the solicitor's hands," said the secretary.

"O, if Jumbo's really going to go up to town and be subpoenaed and written and summoned and caveat-empored and all that kind of law stuff three times a week, I'll wire to Calais to see if Huggins is still up," said the president.

"Dash it, old chap! don't kick me out for this," said Six, almost tearfully. "I'll do anything, pay anything, not to lose my line—unless, of course, you think I'm not good enough."

Here the secretary looked puzzled and seemed to have forgotten something.

He took off his light-blue cap and scratched his head; and the president, reaching round a sinewy leg behind Jumbo's back, kicked the trusty henchman. The kick had no inspiring effect.

"Can't you suggest anything?" said the president.

"O, yes," said the secretary, with an effort; "who coaches us today, Smithson? I wish it was Parsons; he's a barrister, and could tell us what to do."

"Can't we wire?" asked the president, producing the back of a letter. And in response to their message the tall form of Mr. Parsons darkened the doorway before the light went down to the river to take advantage of the afternoon's tide.

A young solicitor, a friend of Mr. Parsons, was to come next day to take his instructions for entering an appearance and all subsequent matters in the suit, and from that day forward he and Mr. Parsons were to conduct every detail between them at their discretion.

Jumbo was to do nothing but what they told him—not even to write or answer a letter or open one till they had seen it and, above all, not to worry. That was the great point. He was not to worry.

The crew impressed it on him to a degree; they inquired after his nerves every time they spoke to him and out

on an air of anxiety and compassion whenever they met him, stopping whenever they would otherwise have passed him to lay a weighty grip upon him and beg him to keep up his spirits.

The effect of the inquiries of Bow, Two, Three, Four and Five on Six, and the fact that Seven and Stroke always insisted on drinking the "reduction of damages" in the measures of port allowed them after dinner, was to distress rather than to relieve his mind.

Mr. Parsons, too, was a young man, and was then a young practitioner; his methods of doing business and advising his client were not consoling. He took a serious view from the first: it was a "question of damages," he said.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Parsons, "that you are being very badly treated; it is her solicitors who are doing it. Regular blood-suckers. I know them."

"The fiends!" roared No. 6, writhing; "and I've only twenty-five thousand dollars in all—everything I have for my old age." He was then twenty-two, so his position was a sad one.

"If I went to these solicitors and thrashed them," he said, grinding his teeth.

"They would only sue you for damages," said Mr. Parsons, "and be glad of the chance of doing so."

"I'd break every bone in their confounded bodies!" said No. 6.

Whatever complaints may be made about the law's delays, No. 6 in the Cambridge crew of 15—had none to record. He was startled at its rapidity. A document half a yard long entitled "Statement of Claim," arrived in Mr. Parsons' pocket the day after the writ had been served. It was answered that day.

"The rules only allow twenty-four hours for the delivery of the defense in cases of breach of promise," said Mr. Parsons. "It's a new enactment to prevent fraud and concealment of assets. They'll get an order for discovery, and, perhaps, a ne exeat regno to-morrow."

And sure enough they did. The order for discovery was the most unkindliest of all. Her letters were always in his pocket. There were only five, and three were invitations to dinner or lunch; but his answer! Mr. Parsons had inspected them.

Coupled with the documents now produced they clinched the matter, while a hairpin, a bit of ribbon and a broken shoelace (he had broken it in tying it and kept it ever since), all of which he produced from the breast pocket on the left side of his coat, simply piled up the total of his responsibility, and so they plainly told him.

Each blow as it fell produced a visible effect on its recipient, and it did not speak well for the kindness of Mr. Parsons that each had point in the case, each harsh letter from the solicitor for the plaintiff rejecting terms offered in settlement was communicated to him just as the boat started on its day's row.

"Six's rowlock is strained badly," said Bill Asplen to the president one evening.

"It's those beastly solicitors," said Six, in explanation.

The president nodded.

"You think you're slogging at their heads. You sprang an oar the day before yesterday; don't worry, old chap, for goodness' sake; it's a serious matter, but Parsons and his pal will pull you through."

Just before the day of the race the case was set down for trial.

"O, it's terrible to think of my little Dottie treating me like this!" groaned Six on the eventful morning, as they got ready to walk to the river.

Mr. Parsons was jumping out of a cab and running up the gravel path with horror on his face.

"I say!" he called to the president, who was trying to keep up Six's spirits in his usual kind-hearted way, "what's the earliest moment the tide will serve?"

"Eleven-forty; the time we start at," granted the president.

"Don't let it be a moment later," cried Mr. Parsons. "Jumbo's case will be called on at 12:30, and if he's not there to give evidence I won't be responsible. You must all row like blazes. There's a train he can catch if you row record time; if you don't he'll have to drive, and may be late."

It was a grand race and the best crew won; and as the one blue flag was hoisted above the other, Six in the Cambridge boat was seen plunging through the crowd on the shore.

A small boy pursued him and caught him by the arm; he had seen him before and he was an active lad. The note he delivered ran thus:

"Case dismissed with costs, plaintiff not appearing." Then followed the signature of Mr. Parsons' friend, the solicitor.

"How d'ye do, Mr.—? How splendidly you rowed!" said a lady's voice. But Six was turning his back on her and trying to walk away.

"How well you are looking. I think you are thinner," said the same young lady. She had a very big light blue hat and eyes to match.

"When are you coming to see us again?" she called out, as he turned involuntarily, trying to struggle through the crowd away from her. The crowd was very thick and Jumbo was very big. He got quivered in his struggles, but they pressed round to stare at one of the heroes of the day.

"You have not been to see us for an age," said the same young lady, as he was brought close to the wheels of her carriage. "Why did you not answer my last note?"

"Miss Derriek," he stammered, "I—"

"Well," she said, "how hot you look. Come and sit by me and wait till the crowd disperses."

Their explanations are too long to print here.

Neither the rest of the crew nor Mr. Parsons were asked to the wedding, which they thought hard, as they sent very handsome presents; and, by the way, the weight of the Cambridge Six in that race was recorded in the sporting papers (which all praised his high-lying) as twelve stone eight pounds.—*St. James' Gazette.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The keeper of the lighthouse at Bonafacio, named Donzella, who has just died, was commissioned by Gambetta to carry instructions to Bazine while shut up in Metz. He swam the Moselle under a heavy fire from the German outposts, and returned in the same way he went, for which service he was appointed lighthouse keeper.

—The Gaulois laments a crisis in the culinary art of France. One of the two chief reasons for this is the corrupting influence of foreigners that makes too much for simplicity and for the abandonment of the more complicated elegancies of the chef's profession. The second cause is the decline in practical knowledge displayed by the young French menagere.

—It is probably not generally known that there are gold fields in Scotland. There are, however, some old workings known as the Kildonan gold fields, in the county of Sutherland, in the north of Scotland. The county council of this shire have recently approached the owner of the ground and asked him to allow the fields to be worked by the resident population for a fair surface rent.

—Roman tribunes had both a civil and a military function. Tribunes of the people were invested with the power of vetoing the proceedings of the senate and even of the courts. Military tribunes were officers elected in place of the consuls. The legionary tribunes were the colonels of the legion. There were six, and each in turn commanded the legion. In battle each led a cohort, or 1,000 men.

—At an inquest held the other day in England the evidence brought to light the queer fact that the dead man's life had been insured for one hundred dollars by the liquor dealer whose bar he chiefly patronized. No secret was made about the matter, it being perfectly fair and above board, the liquor dealer only wishing to insure himself against the loss of business consequent on the death of a valuable customer. The practice is stated to be quite frequent.

—The French government's monopoly of cigarette selling has produced an interesting question. It has been a common industry in Paris to roll and sell cigarettes, the tobacco being bought from the state. Recently the small fry were prosecuted on the ground that they were defrauding the government, and a high court has sustained the claim that although a man may buy his tobacco from the government, he has not, therefore, the right to do with it afterward as he likes.

—The Berlin Anthropological society has recently completed some curious tabulations on the average size of families in the various countries of Europe. According to these statistics the average number of persons in families in the different European countries are as follows: France, 3.03; Denmark, 3.81; Hungary, 3.70; Switzerland, 3.94; Austria and Belgium, 4.05; England, 4.08; Germany, 4.10; Sweden and Norway, 4.12; Holland, 4.22; Scotland, 4.40; Italy, 4.54; Spain, 4.65; Russia, 4.83; and Ireland, 5.20.

—The protection given the Hungarian coal operators does not seem to have worked for the benefit of consumers in that country, since complaint is made that the best coal is exported, and is moreover sold to foreign consumers at a lower price than is charged for inferior coal consumed at home. The Hungarian coal is not of very good quality, and it is only the best which can compete with foreign coal in the general market. The government is urged to permit the importation of coal from Germany and to decrease the railroad rates, in order to break down the present combination and give consumers reasonable prices.

—It would seem that la grippe should have completed its travels long before this, but news comes from Onnalaski, one of the largest and most important of the Alaskan islands, that the strange disease only reached there a few weeks ago. Two-thirds of the population have been down with it, but the epidemic was not of a virulent type, and the only deaths from it were of old, feeble people. More than half of the crew of the United States revenue cutter Bear were prostrated by the grip while she was at the island, and she had barely enough well men to work the ship when she was started on her last visit of the season to the islands of St. Paul and St. George.

MILITARY BULLIES.

Impressive Lessons Taught Heartless Austrian Officers.

Austrian officers have an evil reputation for heartless treatment of inferiors in the army. A colonel, while inspecting a regiment of Hussars on the parade ground in Vienna, was irritated by the awkward appearance of a subaltern. He angrily called the offender to his side and cuffs his ears.

The officer was cut to the quick by an insult which degraded him to the level of a lackey. He returned to his place with flushed face and tears in his eyes. Ashamed to meet the contemptuous glances of the soldiers and half insane from mortification, he shot himself in the head and died almost instantly.

This tragic incident produced almost as marked an effect upon the Vienna garrison as was caused by a similar affront, which was followed by a decline of duelling in the French army.

A lieutenant serving in a regiment of lancers was systematically persecuted by a captain, who was an incorrigible bully. One day the captain lost his temper at dinner and cuffed the lieutenant's ears.

Army etiquette required a challenge from the insulted officer. The lieutenant had been under fire in battle and was not a coward, but he would not consent to send a challenge. His friends expostulated with him in vain. They could not remove his conscientious scruples against duelling.

His refusal caused a scandal which touched the honor of the officers of his regiment. His colonel finally asked him to choose between fighting the duel and resigning his commission. He sent the challenge and named the

conditions. The antagonists were to choose pistols by lot, one being loaded and the other not, and were to fire over a handkerchief.

The duel was fought at dawn. The men stood face to face, holding a handkerchief with their left hands. The bullying captain snatched the trigger of his pistol. There was no sound. The empty weapon had fallen to him by lot.

The seconds thought that the insulted lieutenant being opposed to duelling, would fire in the air. Instead of this he aimed his pistol remorselessly at the captain and killed him. Then dipping his hands in his victim's blood and turning to those who had forced him to fight the duel, he shouted:

"Is it enough? Is honor now safe?" Returning to the officers' quarters, he resigned his commission in the army. Not long afterward he disappeared from the world, and entered a monastery to spend the remainder of his life as a religious recluse.

This duel produced a marked impression upon the officers of the French army. It was a warning against bullying in the treatment of subordinates. The suicide in front of the Vienna barracks touches the same moral with equal impressiveness.—*Youth's Companion.*

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

"The Good Knight Without Fear and Without Reproach of Modern Times."

Had Marshal MacMahon lived some centuries earlier his memory would have been preserved as that of one of the legendary paladins of history. Du Bois, Martel, the great Bayard himself, might have envied the hero of the Malakoff and of Magenta, the brilliant, daring and chivalric spirit which invested his career with so much romance and dignity. Nowadays soldiering is not the dazzling business it was when men like Rupert or Ney were held up as types of military perfection. Moltke, with his impassive student face, his bent figure and his periodic pinches of snuff, directing operations as though they were so many arithmetical calculations, is the pattern of the modern warrior. MacMahon hurling his magnificent cuirassiers to certain destruction and himself fighting in the trenches, covered with wounds, belong to another period—he was a splendid anachronism. Perhaps it is just on this very account that he was esteemed so highly. The generosity and sterling honesty of such a character are rare qualities in these calculating and cynical times. He shone, too, by contrast.

He was a magnificent and majestic giant among the pettifogging pigmies of the Third Republic, with their miserable intrigues and their stock-exchange scandals. Thiers said of him that he was "the good knight without fear and without reproach of modern times." The compliment was a luck-neglected one, but it had the double merit of being spoken by a man who was not prodigal of eulogy, and of being literally true. MacMahon's career was a triumph of character. He was not a great strategist, nor was he a resourceful or far-seeing statesman. But he was without fear and without reproach, a noble heart and a devoted patriot, a man who served the most illustrious offices in the hierarchy of his nation with conscientiousness, courage and spotless dignity.—*London Graphic.*

THE TEA ROAD.

Something About the World's Main Tea Market.

Ke-gu, the half-way halting place on the famous tea road between the Chinese border town Yachien-lu and the Tibetan capital, is the center of the tea trade, and, accordingly, the residence of numerous tea merchants. It has many Chinese inhabitants, a mandarin from Sin-king, and a mandarin from Lan-chau. It is the Chinese who chiefly bring the tea here, to sell it to the Tibetan merchants, who forward it to Lhasa.

The currency in this trade is the Indian rupee, which, however, is often dispensed with, and then tea is bartered by the Chinese for wool, hides and furs, gold dust, mercury, and other Tibetan products, for importation into China. The tea (branches as well as leaves) is packed in pressed bricks, about fourteen inches long, ten wide, and four thick. Eight of these bricks are sewn in a skin, and a yak carries two skins. All Tibetans drink tea. They boil it, branches and all, in water, with a little soda and salt, and before drinking add butter, barley flour (which is called tsampa), and dried native cheese. The solid part of this mixture, when merely moistened with a little liquid tea and made up into hard balls, is called ba, and forms the staple food of Tibet.

The chief meat consumed is mutton, upon which the black tent people almost live. Since pare cheap. In the interior of the country they cost from one rupee to two rupees. For winter consumption, they are killed early in the cold season, and the meat is frozen.

Engraved Diamonds.

At this age of novelties, and foreign designers are struggling to produce striking effects, you may receive a shock by hearing that engraved diamonds are to be a favorite wrinkle among people to whom precious stones are a drug. Marie Antoinette had her name engraved on a diamond set in a ring, which is now for sale in London. This ring was among the late French crown jewels, and it has given leading jewelers an idea that is likely to bear fruit over here, where fair women deny themselves nothing their husbands and sweethearts choose to give them.—*Box-ton Herald.*

A Modern Sappho.

"Have you seen Fuller's play, 'Love's Strategy'?"

"No."

"The denouement is great."

"What is it?"

"A lover gets a kiss from his Boston fiancée."

"Overcomes her scruples, eh?"

"No; dignifies himself as the Elmer Stone."—*Puck.*

GOOD TRAITS OF THE BRONCO.

Hardy and Enduring. When Once Broken He Proves Docile and Intelligent.

When broncos "broken to the saddle" are offered for sale in the east it is well for the tenderfoot purchaser to learn the exact significance of the phrase. The bronco, as he is known in the high valleys of western Colorado, is a beast of strange qualities. He often roams the mountain pastures until he is three or four years old, nearly as wild as the elk that find pasture in the higher and more difficult parts of the same region. Then somebody catches him with a lasso and fetches him home. After that comes the breaking process, and when done by a hired professional horse breaker it is simplicity itself. The phrase "broken" implies that the breaker has saddled and ridden the bronco three times. The theory is that after a bronco has been coerced upon three successive days into letting a rider stay on his back any rider may thereafter ride the beast. Of course, that means any Rocky mountain rider.

The western Coloradoan performs marvels with broncos scarcely better broken than this indicates. An eastern hunter was accompanied by a guide riding a freshly-broken bronco, and that half-wild creature was made to carry him over miles of the roughest imaginable mountain wilderness. After the newly-broken bronco was relieved of his master's weight, and the guide had transferred himself to another horse, that docile little beast patiently followed the party for miles over the mountain and through woodland.

The bronco quickly learns to follow and to stand. The patience with which he does the latter seems inexplicable until one has learned the secret of his training. When hunters go after the grizzly bear or elk they commonly ride on horseback up to the point on the mountain side where the evergreens begin. Here they leave their broncos unhitched, sure of finding them on the return, perhaps six or eight hours later. This is done with horses only a few months broken. It is sometimes safer with them than with older beasts, for the latter have often been trained to go straight home when turned loose.

The secret of the bronco's docility in standing where he is left lies in the fact that he has been broken to a bit with a "spade." Now, the spade is a broad piece of metal so placed in the middle of the bit that when the curb rein is drawn the spade comes hard against the roof of the bronco's mouth. The rider teaches the bronco the uses of the spade in this fashion: Having dismounted, the breaker throws the curb rein over the bronco's head so that the rein lies partly on the ground. Then the breaker waits until the bronco moves. The movement is usually sudden and impetuous. The breaker, with equal suddenness places his foot hard upon the dragging end of the rein, and the spade is driven into the roof of the bronco's mouth. It is a stubborn beast that does not stop short when he feels the spade.

This discipline is repeated again and again, until the beast learns that to move while his rein hangs over his head and trails on the ground is to stir the spade into activity. When the breaker is sure that the bronco has learned his lesson it is pretty safe to turn the beast loose with the rein over his head. Should the bronco attempt to leave the place where he is left, he must sooner or later tread on the dragging rein and drive the spade upward into the roof of his mouth. When left to himself, therefore, he is extremely careful how he moves about, and he seldom attempts to trot away, lest he incur the cruel retribution of the spade.

The bronco as broken to the pack saddle is a most intelligent creature. If there be a party of two or more accompanied by a pack horse, at least one rides behind him so as to watch his movements. The pack horse as a rule patiently follows his leader, scrambling up the rough mountain sides, and carefully picking his way through difficult places. If the pack horse hesitates at an unusually large fallen tree, the man behind him gives him an admonitory stroke and over he goes. If there be two such trees near together the pack horse calculates to a nicety how he shall best land beyond the one in order to take the other to best advantage. Thus he goes all day, halting when his leader halts, steadfast, obedient, almost tireless, doing his work if need be on scant food, too busy to exhibit the vicious traits with which the tenderfoot imagination has invested him. He comes from an ancestry accustomed to short fare and bred to hardness from the fact that the workings of the race have perished. The consequence is that the bronco is tough, strong for his size, enduring more than better bred horses, and surprisingly exempt from the diseases of pampered equine civilization. He has the same right to his vices that the untamed housewife has to her little acerbities of temper; they are the licensed failings of rare and conscious virtue.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Sawed the Head Off.

In 1833 Commodore Elliott ordered a figure of Gen. Jackson to be carved to take the place of a billet head which the United States frigate Constitution had carried through the war of 1812. It was placed on the bow of the frigate in June, 1834, when she left the dry dock in Charlestown navy yard. The excitement among the political enemies of Jackson in Boston was intense. A meeting was called in Faneuil hall (which, however, did not take place), and anonymous letter-writers threatened the life of the commodore unless the statue was removed. On the night of the 2d of July, 1834, in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, Samuel P. Devoy, a young man of twenty-eight, rowed out to the vessel and managed to saw off the head of the statue and carry it away. The head was replaced a month later in New York, and the figure remained there until 1874. It now occupies a place in the grounds of the naval school at Annapolis.

USES OF PERFUMES.

Scented Dandies Not so Common in Society Now as of Yore.

In the early days of the world, when man, with his usual selfishness, was prone to make a burnt offering of his brother, aromatic woods were smoked to counteract the unpleasant odor of burning flesh. Such was the origin of perfumes, and their lavish use to-day is too frequently suggestive of it. The more of the primeval savage there lurks in a man the more powerful the contents of his scent bottle and the more liberal his patronage of those barber shops which torture the nostrils by their generous use of bay rum and cheap cologne. Why men, or women either, should want to make walking aniseed bags of themselves is a mystery explained only by the unpleasant fact that the same class of people have a hydrophobic dislike to water in any form. There is no aroma so exquisite as that of the clean, wholesome human body and pure breath. To disguise it by even the most delicate of Parisian extracts is to cast a slight upon a gift of nature. It is encouraging to note, however, that the taste for perfumes, as for art, is constantly growing more refined and cultivated in this country, and the more delicate and subtle scents only are used for the bath and linen sachet.

The man who dips his mustache in white rose, sprinkles his handkerchief with violets or dampens his hair with the dread jockey club, is extinct in good society. Still, there is vast room for improving the choice of the general public in the matter of these wondrous compounds of the chemist's skill, which carry no possible suggestion of the fragrance of the blossoms they are named and labeled after. Who, at a popular entertainment, has not been half suffocated by the fumes of the deadly patchouli, the impossible scent of the new mown hay, and that favorite of the London flower girls, the penetrating musk? And who has not been nauseated at some of our best theaters by a cad of some sort, whose presence permeated the atmosphere with a mixture of old rye and Fraugipani? What, by the way, would be the emotions of that distinguished botanist could he know of the base use to which his name has been put?

Perhaps nothing has done more to corrupt the delicate sense of smell than the rage for pot-pourri, which sprang up a few years ago and can amuck through the country, as did the peacock's eyes and dragon candlesticks, until the mere sight of a covered jar on the mantelpiece made anyone who had not a cold in his head fairly shudder. Happily, the most delicious of all perfumes can never be patented or photographed, though they linger on the brain for years. Not even the sunny curls or the tinted miniature can recall life's happiest moments like the cherished odor of one's favorite flower. What can compare in voluptuous sweetness with the fresh rose she gave you?—*N. Y. Press.*

LARGE DOWERIES.

American Heiress Who Came Into Large Fortune.

A persevering calculator has been making an estimate of the good American dollars that have been converted into English pounds by the numerous international marriages. The Craven-Bradley-Martin alliance added \$200,000 to the English dowry fund, and some more financial matrimonial facts are: Miss Anita Theresa Murphy, married Sir Charles Wolsley, \$400,000. Miss Elizabeth Livingston, married William Cavendish-Bentinck, M. P., in 1866, \$300,000. Lady Arthur Butler, who was Miss Ellen Stager, of Chicago, \$200,000. Miss Minnie Stevens, daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens, who married Capt. Arthur Paget, nearly \$200,000. Miss Edith Fish, who married Sir Stafford Northcote, a good-sized dowry. Lady Vernon took \$200,000 to England. Mrs. Hamersley, married to the late duke of Marlborough, took with her the yearly interest on \$1,400,000. Miss Cecilia Riggs, who married Henry Howard, \$100,000. Lady Harcourt, daughter of J. L. Motley, the historian, brought her husband \$50,000. Besides these, Miss Jennie Jerome, who married Lord Randolph Churchill, in 1874; Miss Consuela Yznaga del Valle, who married Viscount Mandeville, afterward duke of Manchester, and her sister, Miss Natica Yznaga del Valle, who married Lord Lister-Kaye, had good-sized doweries.—*N. Y. Times.*

Up to Their Tricks.

New Clerk—Young lady in front wants to see some rings exactly like one she has on. She says she thinks of having two alike, just for the fun of the thing.

Jeweler—Don't waste time on her. That ring she has is an engagement-ring, and she wants to find out what it cost.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

It Wasn't Necessary.

Peawick—So poor Mr. Meekly has really married the Widow Bouncer. How did he ever pluck up the courage to do it?

Sinnick—He didn't have to. It seems he couldn't pluck up the courage to do it.—*Puck.*

Her Reason.

Herr Professor (musical doctor)—Your daughter has a very good ear, madame.

Mamma—Ah, professor, but I want her to study music on account of her hands—they're so aristocratic-looking.—*Judge.*

Thought He Was at Home.

"Markham is wretchedly absent-minded."

"What's he been doing now?"

"Went out to dine yesterday, and apologized profusely at the end of the dinner for the poor state of the spread."

—*Truth.*

—The longest wooden bridge in the world is a trestle work over Lake Pontchartrain. It is of cypress piles and twenty-two miles long.

—He was a bold man who first swallowed an oyster.—*James L.*

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I am now prepared to do all kinds of plumbing—Steam Heating, Hot Water Heating, Sanitary Plumbing, Hydraulic Beer Pumps.

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Estimates cheerfully furnished on Plumbing in all its Branches. Agents for Richmond Victor Steam and Hot Water Heaters.

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A LITTLE BOOK.

A little book, with here and there a leaf turned at some tender passage, how it seems. To speak to me, to fill my soul with dreams sweet as first love, and beautiful as brief. Here was I, crying, on this river, her grief. For tears have stilled in here the sunlight streams. And there the stars withheld from her their beams. And sorrow sought her white soul like a thief. And here her name, and as I breathe the sweet. Soft syllables, a presence in the room. Sheds a rare radiance, but I may not look. The light is gone, and I, lost in the gloom. Weep like a woman on this little book. —Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The Cost of Carelessness.

Familiarity with danger seems to breed, if not a contempt for it, an utter carelessness. We have seen the "Mowhawk Dutchman," the celebrated expert with a hand scroll saw, rub the ball of his thumb in dirty grease and then cut the grease off with the rapidly running saw as clean as could be done with soap and water. We have seen a man put his finger under a powerful trip-hammer in motion just to show how he could manage the machine. Many other foolish things are done just to "show off." But most of the accidents happen through a carelessness resulting from familiarity. So long as an operator is afraid of his machine he is not apt to get hurt. Many human minds are so constituted that they cannot bear a sustained effort in one direction—that is, cannot be always equally on the alert in regard to a certain contingency.

A train dispatcher or switch tender may hold a place for years without ever making a mistake and at last make a terrible one, from some cause he could not explain. The only way to lessen the number of casualties—they cannot be avoided entirely—is to take all precautions. This is required of the owners if they wish to escape costly damage suits, but when all possible precautions have been taken one can then only trust to luck. —Chattanooga Tradesman.

An Elastic Appetite.

The American black bear has an appetite that may be appropriately termed elastic. He will kill a thousand pound steer or capture the tiny field mouse for a meal with equal indifference. If a pig or a sheep is not handy to his reach, he will dine on a colony of ants or a nest of wood grubs.

He will feast on dainty birds' eggs or sweet stores of wild honey and on the fondest carrion with like gusto. He will fish for the savory trout, but at the same time snap any wary lead or slimy lizard that may happen along that way. He will seek the luscious wild plum when it has ripened or the wild grape among the branches where the vine clammers and bears its fruit, but will not miss the opportunity to make food of any snake that may lie in ambush there for birds that come to peck at the plums or grapes. The bear has a comprehensive palate. There is scarcely a thing in the animal or vegetable kingdom that will not tickle it. —New York Herald.

Vast Property in Receivers' Hands.

More than \$1,200,000,000 of railway property in this country is estimated to be in the hands of receivers. It is an imposing total well calculated to give some notion of the vastness of the transportation interests. Five great systems under receivers—the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Philadelphia and Reading, Erie and Richmond Terminal—represent close to 25,000 miles of road, with an aggregate capitalization of \$110,724,711, assets of \$1,171,312,871 and funded debts of \$517,028,556. On stock exchange valuation the stocks of these roads are worth about 12 per cent on the dollar, or say a total of about \$50,000,000. —Railway Times.

When to Wind Your Watch.

During the night your watch is quiet, as it were—that is, it hangs in your vest without motion or touch. If you don't wind it at night, the mainspring is then relaxed instead of being in that condition during the day. By winding it in the morning the mainspring remains close and tight all day. It keeps the movement steady at a time when you are handling it, running about the city attending to your daily affairs. A relaxed mainspring at this time accounts for fine watches varying slightly. —Industrial World.

A Deserter.

Melancholy Milton—Say, I struck er away last week over in dat corner house. Wandering Willie—How was dat? Melancholy Milton—Why, you see, I went up an tried ter work do ole woman for a meal in—

Wandering Willie (interrupting)—Yer tried ter work, did yer. An you called yerself a gent. (Weeps.)—Princeton Tiger.

A merchant at Nagoyn, China, has earned the title of "King Henry VIII" among his countrymen by recently marrying his twenty-seventh wife. He had resolved when he was young to marry 30 women and is delighted that he has now only three more to marry to keep his vow.

In the days of William the Conqueror it was more dangerous to kill a rabbit than a man. A murderer could escape with payment of a fine: a rabbit slayer was put to death.

A MODEL SAVAGE.

King Khama is an Antocrat of the Best Possible Type.

King Khama is a model savage, if a black man who has been thoroughly civilized by European and missionary influences can still be called one. He is an antocrat of the best possible type, whose influence in his country is entirely thrown into the scale of virtue for the suppression of vice. Such a thing as theft is unknown in his realm. He will not allow his subjects to smoke or drink beer. He has put a stop also to the existence of witch doctors and their wiles throughout all the Bannangwato.

He conducts in person services every Sunday in his large, round kotla, or place of assembly, standing beneath the tree of justice and the wide canopy of heaven in a truly patriarchal style. He is keen in the suppression of all superstitions and cuts publicly the flesh of the dayker, a sort of roach, which was formerly the totem of the tribe and held as sacred among them 20 years ago. The late King Sikkome, Khama's father, would not so much as step on a dayker skin, and it is still looked upon with more veneration by his subjects than Khama would wish.

As an instance of Khama's power and judgment, it is sufficient for us to quote the sudden change of his capital from Shoshong to the present site, Palapwe. Shoshong was in a strong position, where the Bannangwato could effectually protect themselves from the Matabele's raids under Lobengula, but it was badly supplied with water, and in dry seasons the inhabitants suffered greatly from drought. The change of capital had been a subject discussed for years, but Khama waited quietly until people began to think that he was against it and would never move. He waited, in fact, until he was sure of British protection, until he knew that Lobengula could not attack his people at Palapwe without embroiling himself in a war with England.

Then suddenly one day, without any prefatory warning, King Khama gave orders for the move, and the exodus began on the next day, and in two months' time 15,000 individuals were located in their new capital, 60 miles away from Shoshong. Under Khama's direction, everything was conducted in the best possible order. To every man was given his allotted ground, and he was told to build his huts thereon. Not a single dispute arose, and no one would imagine today that only a few years ago Palapwe was uninhabited.

Khama, in manner and appearance, is thoroughly a gentleman, dignified and courteous. He wears well made European clothes, a lilypencil hat and gloves; in his hand he brandishes a dainty cane, and he pervades everything in his country, riding about from point to point wherever his presence is required, and if he is just a little too much of a dandy it is an error in his peculiar case in the right direction. —Contemporary Review.

Teapot Collectors.

Tea was not known in England till the time of Charles II, but it is interesting to trace the gradual increase in the size of teapots, from the diminutive productions of the Ebers, in the time of Queen Anne and George I, when tea was sold in apothecaries' shops, to the capacious vessel which supplied Dr. Johnson with "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." Mr. Croker, in his edition of "Boswell's Life," mentions a teapot that belonged to Dr. Johnson, which held two quarts, but this sinks into insignificance compared with the superior magnitude of that in the possession of Mrs. Maryann of Wimbledon, who purchased it at the sale of Mrs. Piozzi's effects at Streatham. This teapot, which was the one originally used by Dr. Johnson, holds more than three quarts. George IV had a large assemblage of teapots, piled in pyramids in the pavilion at Brighton. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was also a collector of teapots. Also Mrs. Hawes, who bequeathed 300 specimens to her daughter, Mrs. Donkin. Among them are several belonging to Queen Charlotte. —Salas Journal.

White Blood Absorbing the Hawaiian.

The marriage of young American men to half whites is becoming quite frequent among respectable white families in Hawaii. It is of no use for the foreign parents to turn the cold shoulder. Ofttimes the half white girls are fully equal in intelligence, taste and domestic virtues to those who marry them. There will be more of these marriages, and the mixed blood will improve with growing prosperity and better education, and as the primitive influences and environments decrease with the lapses of generations. Indeed one way that the Hawaiian population is now decreasing is not so much by the disappearance as by the dilution or by whitening of the blood. —New York Evening Post.

An Observant Michiganian's Discovery.

"Did you ever notice," said M. B. Church of Grand Rapids at the Normandie, "that the Washington monument has the exact dimensions of an ocean steamship? It has. It is 550 feet long and 55 feet at the base. Just compare these figures with those of the leading Atlantic liners, and you will find that they are just about the same—length 10 times the beam and depth. It is the outcome of symmetry." —Washington Post.

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Office in Brown's Block.
Rhinelander, Wis.

F. L. HINMAN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Anderle & Hinman's Drug Store.
Night calls from residence, N. W. Corner Court House Square.
Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

FINANCIAL.

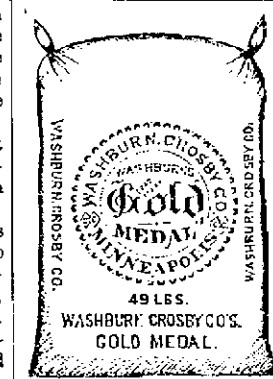
MERCHANTS' STATE BANK,
Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$15,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Brown Street.
Rhinelander, Wis.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
of Rhinelander.
Capital and Surplus \$80,000.
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens Streets.

JOHN ROSS, Practical Horseshoer and General Blacksmith.

Shoeing of diseased feet and horses that interfere a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Shop opposite Arlington Hotel Barn,
Rhinelander, Wis.



Washburn,
Crosby
& Co.'s
Gold Medal
Flour
FOR SALE BY
HARRIGAN
Bros. & Co.

FEED, HAY, OATS and MILL STUFF
At Retail or in Car Lots for Cash.

ED. ROGERS, Horseshoer!

Will attend to all work entrusted to me in a satisfactory manner.

I ALSO SHOE CATTLE.
Shop next to Giant Sleigh Works.

J. Weisen's Provision Depot!

Is always stocked with reasonable prices. The finest butter, eggs and everything needed found in a provision store. Potatoes at whole sale or ret. H. Give us a call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

THE NORTHWESTERN Chloride of Gold Institute.

Is the only Institute in this immediate section licensed to use the famous Chloride of Gold Cure. The terms are reasonable and a cure absolutely guaranteed. Call on or address,
DR. H. C. KEITH,
Rhinelander, Wis.

F. A. HILDEBRAND, FURNITURE.

My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.
An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.

RHINELANDER, - WIS.

Wm. SHUMANN, — Proprietor of — Union Market.

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats at Reasonable Prices. Manufacturers of

SHUMANN'S FAMOUS SAUSAGES.

The Best in the City. Try It.
Mason St., Rhinelander.

E. BOYER, -- Dealer in --

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed, Etc., Etc.

All my stock is new and fresh. My prices are low for cash, and it will pay anyone in the city to try our goods and prices

Delivery made to any part of city.
North Side, RHINELANDER.

SLIMMER'S NEW

Clothing House.

FILLED TO OVERFLOWING
With Gent's Furnishing Goods

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

D. CONOVER. L. F. PORTER. H. P. PADLEY
Conover, Porter & Padley,
ARCHITECTS.
Pioneer block, Knight block,
Madison, Wis. Ashland, Wis.

W. D. HARRIGAN

Brick, Lime, Hair, Sand,
Adamant, Fire Clay and Brick

Cements of all kinds. Hard and Soft Coal, Wood etc. Orders by mail promptly attended. Office in Harrigan's Block.

CLARK & LENNON--Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware.

J. Segerstrom,

Watches,
Jewelry,
Diamonds, Silverware,
Clocks, Etc.

Five Watch Repairing a Specialty.

JOHNSON & COMPANY,

Have the Largest, Best and Most Thoroughly Complete Stock of

Lumbermen's Clothing

In the city, which will be sold at prices as low as any dealer's.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

DEALER IN

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,

BROWN STREET,

Rhineland, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

MINNEAPOLIS STOCK YARDS & PACKING CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

MEATS AND PROVISIONS.

North Wisconsin Office.

Rhineland, Wis.

GEO. HUNER, Manager.

A.C. DANIELSON & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

We are prepared to make First-class Fitting, Fashionable Suits. We carry the Latest Style of Goods, and the Lowest Prices in the Town. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co.'s plant, Rhineland, Wis.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

Always Have on Hand a Full Line of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Lac O'Rielly is back from Poygan.

Blanc Quigley was down from camp over New Years.

J. A. Mercer, of Minocqua, is here to-day on business.

Niles A. Colman, of Eagle River, is here to-day on legal business.

Doctor T. B. McIndoe was called to Wausau to-day on business.

F. N. Shafer, of Merrill, visited his son Mark here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Edwards were at Milwaukee last week.

Miss Ellen Gary spent New Years visiting friends in Antigo.

Mrs. Frank Stroppe is visiting relatives in Portage county.

Order your winter supply of potatoes and apples at Langdon's.

Miss Helen and Miss Anna Alban are visiting relatives and friends at Wausau.

Miss Hattie Lord takes the position in the schools vacated by Miss Bray.

For Rent.—Four room cottage, opposite Catholic church. Inquire of F. E. Parker.

The Episcopal ladies held a pleasant social at the residence of M. H. Greenly last evening.

The G. A. R. annual masquerade is to be held Feb. 7. Don't forget it in making up next month's date book.

Geo. Mason will stay at home for a short time, when he again goes on the road for the Brown Bros. Lumber Co.

The "Rhineland Reveting Society" give their second annual ball at the Grand Opera House Saturday evening.

George Humer, who is out of a job by the City Market closing, has not decided on what he will do, though it is quite likely he will remain here.

The only way to buy a fur coat and buy it right is to look around before you purchase, and don't make the fatal mistake of not going to Beers.

J. M. O'Brien, one of the most popular grocery salesmen in the state, is here to-day. He says Northern Wisconsin business generally is improving somewhat.

The cheapest place to buy groceries is at Martin & Co's store in the Briggs block, north side. Full weight and honest dealing is their motto. Choice butter a specialty.

As the Experience meeting has been postponed, the regular meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational church will be held at Mrs. Divers' Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 10.

Lewis Hoopes, of this city has a talent which few possess, with an ordinary pocket knife he can cut raised letters, scenes or faces on cardboard with as great rapidity as an artist does it with a pencil.

A. H. Marks & Co, of the Palace Drug Store, had the greatest trade in holiday goods that they have ever had, and by the way, they are closing out their stock of crockery at prices you never before heard of in the city.

Fred Borngesser, who has been with the Minneapolis Stock Yards & Packing Co., left Tuesday night for St. Paul, where he will take a good position with the Hammond Beef Company. His family accompanied him.

We can clothe you from the soft textured undershirt to the long wild hair of the coonskin coat, and give you what you want at a reasonable price. Come and talk with us about clothing and furnishings before you buy.

W. L. Jones.

The Merrill Advocate has brought out the name of Alexander Stewart for the Republican nomination for Governor, and many papers throughout Southern Wisconsin are taking it up and expounding Alexander's virtues in great style.

The Masonic installation and party Tuesday evening was the finest social event of the season. The masons have a way of doing those things properly and this year's affair surpassed all others. The installation ceremonies were conducted before a large audience, by Judge Alban. The dance that followed was a pleasant one for both participants and spectators. The banquet at the Rapids House was a sumptuous and well served one. The dining room, tastefully arrayed and thoroughly well appointed with the ingredients that satisfy the inner wants of man, was a credit to the hostelry and the place. The only objectionable feature is that the Masons entertain only once a year.

Wanted.

We want two or three million feet of logs to saw early next spring.

D. B. Stevens Lumber Co.

School Board Doings.

Rhineland, Dec. 23, 1893.

Board met pursuant to adjournment. Quorum present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. The following settlement was made by the board with C. Eby, in full for the construction of the South Park school house, in accordance with the contract.

Contract price, \$6,811.00
Extra work allowed by super, 190.57

Total credits, \$7,001.57
Deduct for unfinished work, \$50.00
Outside painting, 30.00
Paint floor, 30.00
Contractor's net credits, \$6,821.57

Paid on Sept. estimate, \$3,400.00
Balance due January 1, 1894, 1,401.57

Contractor to have the privilege of finishing the above work any time within six months and receiving the above \$80.00 deducted.

Secretary was instructed to correspond with different houses dealing in venetian blinds for blinds for two rooms in new school building.

Resignation of Miss Carrie L. Bray, as teacher in intermediate room of High School building received and filed, and on motion the resignation was accepted. On motion Miss Hattie E. Lord was elected to fill the above vacancy.

On motion the secretary was instructed to notify Fuller & Warren Heating and Ventilating Co. to finish their contract before final settlement is made.

The following bids for furnishing woods for the schools were received and opened by the board:

E. B. Field, four foot birch and maple, \$2.50
two
John Pingel, four foot birch and maple, 2.13
two
J. Proctor, four foot birch and maple, 2.50
two
W. D. Marigan, four ft birch and maple, 2.00
two ft
Alex. Melroe, four foot birch and maple, 2.75
two
J. A. Germond, four foot birch & maple, 2.41
two
A. Kincaid, four foot slabs and edgings, 1.00
Stevens Lumber Co., same, 1.50
Geo. Clayton, same, 1.50

On motion the following bills were audited and allowed and secretary instructed to draw orders therefor:

Conover & Porter, architects fees, \$143.63

Albert Ryckman, putting in desks, 10.85

E. R. Lakin, same, 5.40

E. L. Dimick, wood and hauling, 54.13

Anderle & Hinman, supplies, 12.25

E. Dunn, sawing wood, 1.50

Jno. F. Chickering, school chairs, 6.75

Mary Howe Shelton, school books, 4.80

Sheldon & Co. school books, 4.20

Mary Barbieu, wood, 2.00

S. Schneider, wood, 22.50

Secretary instructed to make contracts with John Pingel to deliver 160 cords of four foot birch and maple and twenty cords of two foot birch and maple wood according to his bid, and with A. Kincaid to deliver fifty-five cords of slabs and edgings.

On motion board adjourned to meet on call of the secretary.

SAM S. MILLER, Sec'y.

Coal Coal!!

From now until further notice, I will sell the best Lakawana hard coal in one ton lots or more, for \$8.00 per ton, delivered. "Spot Cash."

W. D. HARRIGAN.

Dry Wood.

Shingle Wood, \$1.50 per load.

Slabs, \$1.50 per load.

Delivered to all parts of the city by A. Kincaid. Leave orders at Danielson & Honrich's feed store, opposite Rapids House.

Bargains in Real Estate.

Having determined on moving to California, I offer my real estate in Rhineland, consisting of a store building on Thayer street, a house and lot on Anderson street, a house and lot on Alban street, and a vacant lot on Alban street, at prices which are much below their value. I desire to sell them all as soon as possible.

LEONARD HONR.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing between F. Martin and J. W. Berry known as the firm of Martin & Berry, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 9th day of Oct. 1893. J. W. Berry having purchased the stock and fixtures and assumed all the debts of said firm.

Dated at Rhineland, Dec. 1, 1893.

F. MARTIN.

J. W. BERRY.

Letter List.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Rhineland, Wis., for the week ending Jan. 3 1894.

Bauer Jno.

Fette Carl.

Gruega Sanko.

Libber Gus.

Meyers Peter.

Peschek Lizzie.

Reid Jno.

Gruega Sanko.

Tallbradt Helene.

When calling for the above say "advertised."

D. S. JOHNSON, P. M.

A liberal discount on everything bought of J. W. Berry.

Choice roll dairy butter, fresh eggs, cream puffs and Boston brown bread at Keeble's bakery.

THE ONEIDA CLOTHING HOUSE,

LOUIS ZOLINSKY, Prop.

Has bought this space for the year 1894 and is going to make it one of the most interesting features of the New North. Just read this every week and see. In the mean time don't forget us if its cloths you want.

The examination of applicants for a vacant Cadetship at West Point takes place at Antigo to-morrow. Rhinelanders will send three applicants. George Reed, Thomas Curran and Ernest Mickeljohn, and we confidently expect to see one of them carry off the prize.

The Experience meeting which was to have been held at the Congregational church, Wednesday Jan. 10, has been postponed for one week, has it is expected that the Rev. Mr. Chandler, who is to occupy the Congregational pulpit the next two Sundays, will conduct a series of evening meetings during the week.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MERCHANTS' STATE BANK

of Rhineland, Wis., showing a statement of the following items on the morning of the first Monday of January, in the year 1894, before the transaction of any business on that day:

RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts, 134 775 72	
Overdrafts, 1 811 04	
Fixed assets, 21 602 45	
Due from banks, 707 72	
Checks and other cash items, 53 20	
Rebills and pennies, 4 520 15	
U. S. and Nat. Bank notes, 2 988 00	
Total, 164 490 46	
LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital, 50 000 00	
Surplus, 15 000 00	
Undivided profits, 8 537 70	
Due depositors on demand, 50 226 77	
on time, 2 821 40	
Due to banks, 141 65	
Rediscouunts, 5 163 39	
Total, 164 490 46	

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss
County of Oneida, ss

S. H. ALBAN, Vice President, and E. O. Brown cashier of the above named bank, being severally sworn, do say that the foregoing is, in all respects, a true and correct statement of the condition of said bank, on the first Monday, being the second day of January, 1894, before the transaction of any business of said bank on the morning of that day, according to the best of their knowledge and belief.

S. H. ALBAN, Vice President.
E. O. BROWN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to by both depositors before me this second day of Jan. 1894.

JOHN DANIELSON,
Notary Public, Wis.

IN PROBATE, ONEIDA COUNTY COURT:
Notice is hereby given that at a regular term of the County Court to be held in and for said county at the Probate office in Rhineland, in said county on the 24 day of January, 1894, at ten o'clock, a. m., the following matter will be heard and considered: The petition of Clarence M. Olson for the probate of the will of John M. Olson, deceased.

Jas. W. McConchick,
Clerk of Court, 1893.
24th-1st

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

NORTH BOUND

No. 1—Passenger arrives, 11:50 A. M.
No. 2—Limited, 12:10 A. M.
No. 12—Way Freight, 12:10 P. M.
No. 13—Accommodation arrives, 2:00 P. M.
No. 14—Accommodation departs, 2:30 P. M.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 10—Accommodation, 1:00 P. M.
No. 11—Way Freight, 1:25 A. M.
No. 1—Limited, 11:15 A. M.
No. 15—Accommodation arrives, 1:40 P. M.
No. 1—Passenger departs, 6:15 A. M.

H. C. BECKER, AGENT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

TRAINS EAST.

No. 8—Departs, 1:22 A. M.
No. 31—Departs, 5:25 P. M.

TRAINS WEST.

No. 7—Departs, 1:13 A. M.
No. 5—Departs, 7:50 A. M.

Trains 7 and 8 daily.

All trains make close connections at Bradley for Tomahawk and at Cameron Junction for Duluth, West Superior and points north and south on C. St. P. M. & O. Ry.

G. M. CHAMBERS, AGT.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a free answer and a honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly 25 years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of information concerning Patents, and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public with-out cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in color, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address: MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

New Meat Market!

Having purchased the business and fixtures of the firm of Hunt Bros. I am in the business of selling all kinds

Meats and Provisions,

Fish, Poultry, Etc.

I ask a share of the public patronage and guarantee my best efforts to give

you good honest weight of the best

meats I can buy at market figures.

Should be pleased to see you at the

shop. Corner Davenport and Stevens

streets. Very truly,

E. C. VESSEY.

THE NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

Through Sleeping and

Paylor Car Line

FAST TRAINS

BETWEEN

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, APPLETON,

WAUSAU AND ASHLAND.

The Ogishie, Penokee and Montreal Iron and Mineral Ranges

Hurley, Ironwood, Bessemer, Wakefield

And the Manufacturing Centers and Lumbering Districts of Central and Northern Wisconsin.

Sheboygan, Manitowoc, Kaukauna, Appleton, Wausau, Antigo, Eagle River and Rhineland.

Direct Line

Via ASHLAND and N. P. R. R. for

SUPERIOR, WEST SUPERIOR, DULUTH

Pacific Coast and Intermediate Points.

For Tickets, Maps, Time Tables and full information apply to Ticket Agent C. & N. W. Ry., Rhineland, Wis., or address the Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent at Chicago.

Milwaukee City Office, 162 Wisconsin St.

Chicago City Office, 208 Clark St.

W. H. NEWMAN, Third Vice President.

J. M. WHITMAN, Gen'l Manager.

W. A. THURALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO, ILL.

GOLDEN EAGLE BARBER SHOP.

Fuller House Block.

J. H. LEWIS, Proprietor.

All work in the tonsorial line done satisfactorily.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty.

H. LEWIS, Wine, Liquor and Cigar MERCHANT.

Stoltzman Block, Rhineland, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices

THE STORY TELLER

THE GOVERNMENT SCOUT

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.



scout," is an old saying in the service, and there are but few who relinquish that occupation for another.

When the Indians are lying quietly on their several reservations, the duties of the scout are light and at times very monotonous. He has but little to do besides hang about the fort at which he is stationed, occasionally going out with dispatches to some other fort, or to government surveying parties in the field. Such duties are decidedly tame, and have no attractions for the scout. At times a party of foreigners of note, mostly Englishmen, will come to this country on a hunting expedition, armed with letters of introduction to officials at Washington. There they will secure letters to the commanding officer of the fort nearest the grounds over which they desire to exercise their love for wild sport, and when the fort is reached a scout is detailed to accompany them as guide to the best hunting grounds. Such an assignment as this is looked upon as a "picnic" by the boys, for it promises oceans of fun, the best of living, and, when the expedition returns, some valuable present—often the entire outfit of horses and camp equipage, worth several hundred dollars.

But when a band or a tribe of Indians declare hostilities and go out on the warpath, the life of the scout is one of constant danger, privation and exposure to all kinds of weather. He virtually lives in the saddle. When he sleeps, unless back with the command, he lies down upon the trail in his clothes, fastening the lariat with which his horse is secured to his arm or leg, so that he can reach the animal and mount at the first intimation of danger. He cuts his dried meat and hard bread in the saddle as he rides along, or when he halts for a brief time to allow his horse to graze. The native horse lives entirely on grass, and will turn away from grain to crop that nutritious food. On the trail of a hostile band or when searching for a trail he must be keen-eyed and ever on the alert. Nothing must escape his searching gaze, for his life often depends on his watchfulness. Signs that would be unnoticed by the ordinary traveler are to him an open book. A stone or even a pebble turned over from its bed, a broken down weed or bunch of grass, an indistinct impression in the gravelly soil, all indicate that something has been there, and the scout's first duty is to ascertain what that something was. It might have been a deer, antelope, wolf or stray horse, or it might be an offshoot of the trail sought for. This the scout can determine in a moment, by dismounting and closely scrutinizing the "sign." If the trail proves to be that of an Indian horse he at once follows it, knowing well it will lead him to the main trail; follows it closely and with extreme caution, now glancing at the trail, now sweeping the country ahead with his quick, trained eye, and at intervals halting and searching every gully and hill with his powerful field glass. It is necessary for his own safety that he should discover the Indians before they see him, in order to avoid an ambush.

Unless the day be well advanced when he first sights the hostile band, he must ride rapidly back to the command, report his discovery to the commanding officer, together with the number of Indians (if it can be ascertained), and the direction they are pur-



THE SCOUT ON A WINTER TRIP.

suing. The troops are at once headed in that direction, and the scout is off like the wind to again take up the trail where he left it, and follow it until the hostile camp for the night. Should he make his first discovery of the band near evening, he follows it like a shadow until the Indians make camp for the night. Then he notes the strength of the band, the lay of the camp, the nature of the surrounding country, and hastens back to meet the command (which is, of course, on the march behind him), and reports accurately all he has been able to learn. Should the night be clear, the officer in command may determine to attack while the Indians are sleeping; should it be dark, the charge is postponed till daybreak.

The scout must know every foot of the country in the department in which he is stationed. He must be familiar with the location of every water

hole, stream, canyon and gulch, so that he can guide the troops accurately, without leading them to precipices which they cannot descend, or against steep bluffs where no gulch presents itself to afford them a roadway to the summit. Both men and animals must have water, and the scout must be able to take them to it for the regular camps. The commanding officer relies entirely upon him for guidance across the country.

When the enemy is located and the officer in command made familiar with the location of the band, the scout's work is done. He has run down the game and pointed it out to his superior, and no more is expected of him. He is not supposed to go into the fight, yet in the majority of instances the scout is by the side of the commanding officer in a fight, his thorough knowledge of the Indians and the country rendering his advice of great value. At times when I have been the only scout with an expedition I have received imperative orders to go to the rear and keep out of danger during a fight, for the reason that if anything had happened to me the command would have been without a guide and practically useless until another could be obtained from the nearest post.

The scout's greatest danger lies in being discovered while on the trail, and in being "ambushed." The Indians carry field glasses, and often, when expecting pursuit, will post a warrior in some elevated position where he will be concealed and closely scan the back trail. Should he sight a scout he at once reports the fact, and an ambush is formed or else a party sent around to get in the rear of the trailer. Then it is a fight and get out of the scrape, or run the risk of furnishing the wolves a free lunch on that night. It requires the utmost vigilance to avoid these traps, and even the most experienced



THE SCOUT AT DINNER.

scouts sometimes fall into them, and if not killed outright are compelled to make a hasty flight for life. In several instances I have wondered how my account stood up above, if the scrape I was in should prove to be a call to go up for a settlement.

When a large expedition takes the field, the services of a number of scouts are required. These are under the command of a chief of scouts, a position which I held in Gen. Crook's command in the campaign of 1876 against the Sioux, and later under different generals in the Apache wars in Arizona and New Mexico. Each morning the chief of scouts will give his men their instructions for the day and send them ahead to scour the country in different localities, he himself taking the main trail ahead of the command. Should a scout strike a new trail or make any important discovery he at once seeks the main trail and reports to the chief, who, in turn, communicates with the officer in command. At night the scouts all meet at the point determined upon for a camp and make their several reports to the chief, in order to map out a programme for the following day.

The most effective attacks upon Indian camps are made just at dawn of day, while the warriors are yet asleep. The first movement of the experienced officer is to stampede the herd. To effect this a scout who has studied the situation of the camp and where the ponies are grazing is placed at the head of a detachment of troopers. At the command they dash forward like the wind straight for the herd, and when near it begin to yell and shake blankets at the ponies. The affrighted animals at once flee, closely followed by the stampeding party, thus leaving the Indians without a mount. Right on the heels of this party comes the command, charging right into the camp, using carbines and pistols with deadly effect. The Indians will at times make a desperate fight, but on more occasions will endeavor to escape into the hills on foot or else surrender. Should many of them escape, they are powerless for the time to continue hostilities, as their ponies are all in the hands of the paleface soldiers and they cannot cope with the troops or escape them on foot. One by one the survivors will make their way back to the reservation and become "good Indians" until again mounted and equipped for another raid.

Persons who sit in their cozy homes, beside comfortable fires, cannot conceive of the hardships of scouts and troops in the late fall or the early spring, when the cold, freezing rain drenches them to the skin. When these icy storms come in the night where fuel for camp fires cannot be obtained, sleep is impossible. Men and animals alike must stand throughout the night, shivering and praying for dawn and the order to move. I remember one such night in the '76 campaign, when a gentleman acting as a special correspondent for a New York journal, saw one of the men sitting upon an inverted bucket, and, much as he would need the money when he returned to the fort, the soldier refused a snug sum from the newspaper man for permission to occupy the coveted seat during the remainder of the night.

This outline of scouting life will suffice to give the reader a general idea of the duties incumbent upon the position, and may open the eyes of crack-brained, dime-novel reading boys who imagine the life to be one of guided romance.

THE MANAGEMENT OF TIME.

How One Can Make the Most of His Days and Hours.

One would not become a martinet on the management of time. To get twenty-six hours of work out of the twenty-four can never with advantage be made the sole aim of living.

It would make life a miserable treadmill to live it entirely by clock-work, with a duty for every minute, and with every minute exacting relentlessly the duty appointed, with no pauses of leisure for cogitation or moments of deliberate selection for present needs, with no pleasant dawdling to recuperate tired nerves, no seasons of quiescence in which we may behold that all is very good, and be glad we are alive.

We would not be without all these. They are as essential to the growth of the soul as is the work which sanctifies and makes them possible. One is the complement of the other.

Yet a certain amount of management of time is not only wise, but compulsory, if one would accomplish much in these days of complex living and multitudinous social claims. If we would not see our days frittered away in a succession of profitless employments and aimless pleasure-seeking we must make some definite decision as to what we can do and what we can not. Many employments and enjoyments are in the world; we can not have them all at once, but must exercise patience.

It is best to make careful choice of the occupations and diversions which we can allow ourselves, and decide upon some regular amount of time for each. We do not place enough value on a prudent management and orderly disposition of our time. It is really the only way we get the most out of our time, and the best out of life as well.

As to cast-iron rules, which pin one down to moments, and allow no breathing spells in passing from one pursuit to another, they may be good for some minds and temperaments, but they are death to the best work of others. The same holds with regard to keeping an exact account of money. The discipline is healthy for some minds; it is deadening to others. If the right intention with regard to money is there, the desire to expend every cent carefully, it is not always necessary to put down in black and white how every cent is expended.

So we may adopt a general plan with our time, deciding about how much we would do, and about how much time we shall need to do it in. To adhere carefully to this plan, leaving ourselves some liberty of action according to circumstances, would seem to bring the best results to the conscientious mind.

—Harper's Bazar.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

A Striking Experience with Some Very Busy Bees.

A few years ago the person who might give utterance to the idea that any but human beings possessed reasoning powers would have been considered guilty of rank heresy. But with advanced enlightenment there are thousands who have been driven to the belief that the Creator has not bestowed the "divine light" upon man alone, but upon animals as well, even insects coming in for a share of that force which is a grade higher than instinct.

Close observers are continually making public examples which show that that class of animal life which has been designated as "the lower orders" when compared with human kind accomplish results the working out of which can scarcely be ascribed to instinct alone. This reasoning faculty is especially noticeable among dogs, while many other animals evince a power of thought, of ability to reason, really remarkable. In a communication to the academy of natural sciences, some time ago, Prof. Mehan related an incident that came under his own observation which, while not conclusive evidence of reasoning power in insects, yet is strongly indicative of it. During a light spring shower the professor took shelter under a large linden tree in full bloom.

While there he noticed an unusual number of bees busily at work among the flowers of the linden, while a tree of another species, close at hand, also in bloom, had no bees about it. The reason was quickly apparent to him. The deserted tree was light foliage and the rain poured through freely, while the linden had heavy foliage and in such abundance that the rain was shed almost as perfectly as from an umbrella. The bees were evidently aware of this, for they came and went directly to and from the linden, ignoring the other tree entirely.

He assumed, and seemingly correctly, that this could not be purely instinct, but was the result of reasoning, of a low order perhaps, but still a line above an "inward impulse, unconscious and involuntary, which guides to the performance of an action without thought of improvement in the method."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Missing Link.

Boston Court.—This is the wounded man, the man who shot him, and the pistol. Where is the bullet.

Boston Lawyer.—The bullet was discharged, your honor.

"Ah! the court sees."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

—An eagle measuring six feet eight inches from tip to tip of its wings was captured by a dog near Seio, Ore., recently. The eagle was eating a gander it had killed when the dog stole up and pounced upon it. An exciting struggle ensued, in which the dog was much hurt by the eagle's sharp beak and talons, but it ended in the death of the bird.

—Mary Ann, remarked Mrs. Wickwire, "I think if you will take a sweeping glance around this parlor you will see that you have given it a very glancing sweep."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Sincere means without wax, and was formerly applied to furniture made of solid wood, with no cracks or knots holes filled with wax.

PITH AND POINT.

—One reason why some men do not have better wives is because they are such poor husbands.—Rau's Horn.

—The top-pistol victim only comes once a year, but the crank who wants to shoot Niagara falls is perennial.—Washington Star.

—At the banquets given by men the women get toasted; at the luncheons given by women the men get roasted.—Athenian Globe.

—Naturalist.—"And now, how shall we prove that man is the superior creature?" Pupil.—"By asking him."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

—There are very few successful school-teachers whom some boy has not decided to whip when he gets grown.—Galveston News.

—At Naples.—Tourist.—"That's Vesuvius, isn't it?" Policeman.—"Yes." Tourist.—"Will you tell me when the next eruption will occur?"—Fliegende Blätter.

—No Need of It.—Older.—"What are you going to call the baby?" Newer.—"Great Scott, man, I don't have to call him. He's awake all the time."—Detroit Free Press.

—Miss de Vere.—"The duke with the red hair has proposed to that slender girl." Dolly Danzer.—"I don't wonder. She's thin enough to make a match."—Musie and Drama.

—She.—"So my old fiancee has really married your sweetheart. It's rather sad." He.—"Yes—but can't we have a consolation match, like they do in tennis?"—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Comehome.—"You say you are a good washer and ironer; how do you tell when the irons are too hot?" Servant (looking for a place).—"How? By smelling the burning linen, mum, of course."

—Let me see, said Bobbs to Dobbs, "isn't this Dobbs that we were just talking about a relative of yours?" "A distant relative," said Bobbs. "Very distant?" "I should think so. He's the oldest of twelve children, and I'm the youngest."—Tit-Bits.

—Rt. Rev. Mr. Cassock.—"I greatly fear, my dear ma'am, that your husband is destined to reap a harvest of tares." Mrs. Swiftly Gay.—"Indeed I fear so, bishop; he has been on one for the last three days."—Harlem Life.

—Small Boy.—"Want yer satchel kerried, mister?" Elderly Traveller.—"Why, you're too little, my son, to carry as heavy a satchel as this." Small Boy.—"Yess, mister, you wouldn't mind givin' me a nicker for offerin' to kerry it."

—In a Bad Fix.—His Sister.—"It is true that Helen Goldust has money, but she is so exacting; if you were to marry her, you would have to give up smoking and drinking." Her Brother.—"If I don't marry her, I shall have to give up eating as well."—Vogue.

—I hope you like your work, my lad," said a benignant elderly person to a messenger boy, as they waited together to cross a street. "Men who take pride in their work are the men who succeed." "Oh, I'm a record breaker, the manager says." "That's the way for a boy to talk. Tell me how you do better than the other boys." "I can take longer to carry a message than any of them."

—Aunt Maria.—"I suppose that young man is coming to see you again this evening." Maudie.—"Do you?" Aunt Maria.—"What a girl you are! What shall I say, Maudie, to all the folks that are asking if he is your lover?" Maudie.—"Tell them you don't know." Aunt Maria.—"But if they should ask what I think." Maudie.—"Say you think it is none of your business."—Boston Transcript.

A MIDNIGHT INCIDENT.

There Was a Tremendous Racket Not Made by Burglars.

The head of a home in northeast Baltimore was awakened by his wife with the information that burglars were in the house. He ridiculed her suspicions at first, but some ominous noise from the region of the kitchen finally convinced him that something was wrong.

He got up, and, not having a weapon, seized a bronze ornament and boldly started on a tour of inspection. Entering the dining room he managed to overturn several chairs as a preliminary warning to the invaders, as he did not care to surprise them.

The ominous sound continued, however, and cold chills began chasing each other in rapid transit style up and down his spinal column. Urged on by encouraging stage whispers from his wife, he moved toward the kitchen, clutching his weapon until its outlines were imprinted on his hand. Then he pushed open the door.

As it swung back a pistol-like report echoed through the house, causing the investigator to beat a hasty retreat, firmly convinced that he was shot. Under the gaslight he soon found that he was unhurt, and again advanced on the kitchen. This time he entered and lit a match, but just then the kitchen door shut with a bang, puffing out the light and increasing the terror which had taken possession of him.

After another retreat the kitchen was again entered, and this time the gas was lighted. Then surprise took the place of fear. The kitchen looked as if a small-sized cyclone had struck it. Broken china and glass encumbered the floor, and everything was in confusion.

But no burglar could be seen. Searching further the cause was soon discovered. The wife had put up a quantity of catsup in bottles and placed them on a shelf. During the night the catsup began to ferment. Several bottles exploded, throwing surrounding objects to the floor and creating havoc generally.—Baltimore Sun.

An Improvement.

Mamma (going off on a journey).—And now, Ethel, what shall I bring you from Washington?

Ethel (promptly).—A box of candy.

Mamma (who doesn't much approve of sweets).—Oh, something better than a box of candy. Try again.

Ethel (after a moment's serious thought).—Two boxes of candy.—N. Y. Times.

POOR GUESSES AT DISTANCE.

The Immeasurable Space Lying Between the Stars.

Of the hundred million or more stars which are visible with astronomical instruments, the distances from the earth of only a very few have been measured with even an approximation to accuracy. Most of the stars appear to be so far away that the change in their apparent place caused by viewing them from opposite sides of the earth's orbit—and that orbit is about one hundred and eighty-six million miles across—is so slight that it escapes certain detection. Only about fifty stars have thus far yielded definite results in the attempt to measure their distances, and even those results are too often exceedingly conflicting and uncertain. The nearest star thus far discovered is one of the first magnitude, not visible from the United States or Europe. It is the star called Alpha in the constellation of the Centaur in the southern hemisphere of the heavens.

The distance of this star appears to be something like twenty trillions of miles, or about two hundred and fifteen thousand times as great as the distance of the sun from the earth.

The next nearest star, as far as known, is a little sixth-magnitude twinkler, barely visible to the naked eye, in the constellation of Cygnus, popularly called the Northern Cross. The distance of this star, which is known to astronomers as sixty-one Cygni, is variously estimated at from forty to sixty trillion miles, or two or three times that of the bright star in the Centaur.

The brightness of the stars, as we see them, is, then, no measure of their comparative distance. A very bright star may be much more distant than a very faint one, the difference in brilliance being due to the greater magnitude of the more distant star. Sirius, or the dog-star, for instance, which scintillates so splendidly in the winter sky, is more distant than the little star sixty-one Cygni, the latter being in fact a very much smaller sun than ours, while Sirius is a far larger one.

It thus appears that while the efforts to measure the distances of the stars have not been very successful, yet they have resulted in giving us a wonderful insight into the arrangement of the universe of suns in the midst of which we dwell. They have proved that large stars and small stars are scattered through space at various distances from one another and from us; that the dimensions of the blazing bodies which we call stars, or suns, vary to an enormous extent, and that our own sun, great, glorious and overpowering as it seems to us, really belongs to a quite inferior rank.

But it is possible that before many years our knowledge of the distances of the stars may be greatly extended. Spectroscopic investigation in the case of binary stars, as those are called which circle in pairs around their common center of gravity, is beginning to help us a little in this direction.

Recently, for instance, Mr. G. W. Colles, Jr., has calculated, from the results of such investigations, the mean distance of ninety-five stars situated in the northern hemisphere of the heavens, and he finds it equal to the distance which light would travel in about one hundred and fifty years. That distance is not less than eight hundred and seventy trillion miles, or more than forty-three times as great as the distance of the nearest known star, Alpha Centauri.

Yet enormous as such a distance is, it is nearly certain that the average distance of all the stars composing the visible universe is still greater. And here and there the starry heavens, even in their richest regions, present black and apparently empty spaces through which we seem to look out into fathomless depths beyond.

But is there any thoughtful mind which can avoid asking itself the question: "What lies beyond? When we come to the outermost star of the universe, what then?" That is a question which even astronomy, with all its marvelous wealth of discovery and achievement, can not answer—at least not yet.—Youth's Companion.

HE WAITED ON THE OUTSIDE.

How the Tired, Patient Man Had His Feelings Upset.

In front of a State street dry-goods store one day recently, a well-dressed man patiently stood waiting for his wife, who was only to be gone "two minutes." Outside the store hung various articles, useful and otherwise—to a casual observer they looked, most of them, very otherwise. Then a red-faced woman flew up from the basement, grabbing the patient, tired man by the arm, said: "I want that was up there—the man in the basement sex y'd get it for me, for there ain't no more down there," and she pointed to a shovel of the small lion variety hanging near the second-story window marked "six cents."

"Madam, I do not climb up to that window excepting every other day; this is the day I do not climb. If you want it very much you might climb up and get it yourself."

She turned a wrathful pair of red eyes upon him and said: "I'll be after reporting yer yer impudence," and she departed into the beloved basement again in a state of great excitement.

As she was leaving another customer, overhearing the woman, thought the stranger an employee of the store, and said: "Say, mister, where do you keep your pants?"

"I keep 'em on my suspenders. Where do you keep yours?" he snapped, and glowered so on the man that he also departed in haste.

Then the tired, waiting man, no longer patient, turned and stood on the outer edge of the sidewalk, at a respectful distance from the crowd. When his wife came out he said: "Hereafter, madam, when I am imbecile enough to consent to go shopping with you I wait in the next block if you have errands in this store."—Chicago Tribune.

A COBRA'S NEST.

The Capture of a Deadly Hamadryad's Thirty-Two Eggs.

Rather more than a year ago the fact was mentioned in a Bombay paper that a gentleman connected with the Goa railway had shot a hamadryad on its nest. This awkward mouthful of a word is coming to be familiarly known as the name of the giant cobra, which grows to a length of fourteen feet, is as fierce as it is strong, and has the reputation of feeding principally on other snakes. Little, indeed, is known about the incubation—we might almost have said the alleged incubation—of snakes, and rarely, if ever, has a competent observer had the good chance to come upon a serpent in the very act of sitting, hen-like, on its eggs. Only the bare fact was published at the time, and a fuller account can not fail to be interesting.

The gentleman was Mr. Wasey, known in his district as an ardent and successful shikari; and he was told by a coolie, in the matter-of-course sort of way usual with these fatalistic philosophers, that a certain path was impassable, as a cobra had erected a gadi, or throne, for itself there, and warned off intruders. Here was a golden opportunity to settle the vexed question of the aggressiveness of venomous snakes. Will a cobra rush to the attack if it can get easily away? Europeans commonly say No; but natives universally cite instances to the contrary, some of them painfully fabulous, but others only wanting corroboration to be believed. Now here in British India, or at least in Portuguese India, was a giant of the tribe, known to all the villagers to have taken up its station by the roadside and to be ready to glide down and rush like lightning at man or beast who approached. Mr. Wasey followed the coolie to the spot and was shown the monster coiled up on the top of a huge pile of dry leaves. Without more ado he shot it, and turning over the leaves, found at the bottom thirty-two eggs rather smaller than a hen's, and covered each with a tough skin in place of a shell. These were sent to the secretary of the Bombay Natural History society; but wanting the heat generated by the close mass of decaying leaves, they did not hatch. Sometimes more than one young one escapes from a snake's egg; but at the lowest computation Mr. Wasey is to be congratulated on ridding his district of thirty-three deadly snakes.—Madras Pioneer.

A HOME FOR THE DYING.

Where the Desolate Old May End Their Days in Peace.

It was a woman whose tender heart first suggested the sweet charity of establishing a home for the dying, a woman whose personality is hidden under the veil of a sister of charity. But the idea suggested by her was executed by kind and magnanimous women, and both London and Dublin have such places, where the weary wanderer nearing the end of life's highroad may go and be cared for to the last.

These homes are called "Hospices for the Dying," and the pretty name implies a resting place in the high Alps, where travel weary folk may rest a little before winding down their way into the valleys where the shadows dwell.

Within these houses of death from two hundred to three hundred beds have been provided for the occupants, and the rooms are strangely bright and light. The men are on the lower floor of the hospital, the women upstairs. Each ward has its sitting room, and a pagoda is provided for the men in the garden, where they may go to smoke. Books and newspapers are strewn about, novels lying by the side of Bibles and preparation for death prayers. In some of the beds there are patients who are dying fast; some have already passed into a state of unconsciousness and the bed curtains are closely drawn. The wards are open without pay to all who have no place where they might end life's struggle in peace and comfort. There are also single rooms for paying patients, delightful little nooks, dimly appointed and sweetly comfortable.

Changing It.

She had wealth. He knew it, and she knew he knew it. He was very attentive. "Your personality is the most charming in the world," he said, earnestly. "Without that what would you think of me?" she asked. "I could not think of you at all." "No?" she queried. "Do you forget that if I should be removed from my personality my personality would remain?"

It was dreadfully poor kind of logic, but he felt that she was on to him.—Detroit Free Press.

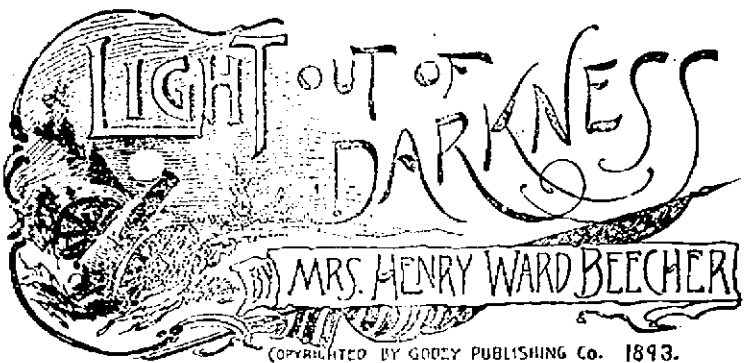
Other Way Round.

She—I can not think what induced Jack to marry again after his first unfortunate experience. Once bitten, twice shy, you know.

He—Perhaps if he had reversed it, and been once shy, he wouldn't have been twice bitten.—Brooklyn Life.

Very Expressive.

Two girls in a street car were talking of a third, whom they evidently didn't like. "She always looks to me," said one, "as if she had expected a surprise party and it didn't come."—Philadelphia Record.



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but the next morning saw Rose at her regular work, self-possessed, but bearing unmistakable evidence of some strange change, of a hard battle fought and victory won. Her face was paler than usual, and the merry laugh or cheerful carols that always heralded her approach were hushed, but no trace of gloom or sadness could be seen. A high and holy light burned in her eyes, a lofty purpose, a consecration of all her powers to serve the noble work of future action. Her friends had agreed that no questions should be asked. Time and her own wishes were to decide.

When the morning's work was all disposed of, and the family gathered together for some consultation before dinner was served, Rose quietly told her parents that as Eastace and her brothers were to join the same regiment at the next day she was exceedingly desirous that Lillian's marriage should take place before they were separated. She knew well that this, which must be their natural wish, should not be delayed out of any needless delicacy on her account. The past, as far as she was concerned, must remain a sealed book to all forever, but if they would help her they must let her see that their happiness was secured as far as human foresight could secure it.

Eastace then acknowledged that he had urged Lillian to consent to such an arrangement, feeling sure that her parents would think it advisable, going as he was into imminent danger, that they should be united before they left. To the two were quietly married. The ceremony ended, the family all escorted the three young men to the camp, not far from the city, a far different look than Eastace and Lillian had often pictured.

Eastace had far more knowledge of military science than most young men who had not intended to make it their profession, and George's tastes and education had inclined him to become familiar with engineering. As soon as it was known they were ready to enter their country's service in any capacity they were sought after to fill important positions in various regiments then banding together. Eastace was placed as colonel, and that they might be together in the same camp George accepted a captaincy and Ralph a lieutenant under him rather than to enter into the more desirable position that had been offered and be separated. This arrangement, highly gratifying to the parents, was planned in part as a just tribute of the estimation in which Mr. Newton was held, but aside from this the intrinsic worth of the young men and their capacities for guiding and organizing volunteers made them a most valuable acquisition where raw troops were liable to be called into immediate action.

In the excitement and hurry of this startling call for volunteers Eastace had not forgotten to arrange his business carefully, and to leave also in case of his fall a will by which his property was placed under Mr. Newton's care in trust for Lillian, his wife.

A clause in the will was also executed, known only to Lillian and placed in her hands, securing the Montgomery property to Mr. Newton and his heirs in case of its present owner's death.

Lillian, immediately after her marriage, assumed the entire care of little Jennie Le Barron, and with her husband's approbation withdrew her from the city school and placed her in an institution near her father's.

Of Estelle Le Barron little was known. It was supposed she had been married for Europe immediately after her father's marriage without learning of the dissolution of her parents' home. Some weeks after her father's death a card from Paris on him had been received at the bank where he had so often done business and of course rejected, by which it would seem that up to that time the Countess still regarded her husband as a millionaire's daughter. A report was also current that Dr. Corning was lecturing on obscure adventures, and when he found how he had been overreached in duplicity by the empty Estelle he had deserted her, saying that his wealth and high titles were but a mockery and that a wife and children waited for him in America.

This information had been communicated to Mr. Newton by the Countess, the former partner in the old marriage, and anxious to ascertain if there was any foundation for the reports made inquiries.

Nothing satisfactory could be learned, however. That Estelle had been in London, tidings of her sister were reported, but equally so that her husband was quite unwilling her former friends should learn anything from them of her condition. On this point for some time had coincided with her husband. She cherished too bitterly the memory of her sister's dishonorable death to allow one emotion of pity for her appointment to find a place in her heart.

The splendid and costly furniture and magnificent attire with which Vane had bought his bride in their youth, and her heart cried out for the love he had so easily thrown away. And other sources of unhappiness opened in her heart. It took not many weeks for her to learn that an intemperate and supercilious husband was not so safely secured and slighted as she had fancied. Her extravagance he could well afford and easily overlook, but contempt and insults

unhesitatingly cast upon him he would not brook, and the misguided woman was shortly made to feel that an old man's uncontrolled exhibition of vindictive wrath was not the least miserable part of her existence.

Already had the call for hospital stores reached every town and village, and many active and energetic women were banded together to work for the sick and wounded among our brave defenders who might soon be needing this aid.

The letters that comforted our friends from their absent ones almost daily kept them very thoroughly informed of the privations of the soldiers, and every moment they could be spared from necessary labor was conscientiously devoted to preparing articles for those so well deserving the care.

One evening when the ladies were quietly at work sewing, scraping lint or knitting army mittens and Alfred diligently improving the precious hours in study, Mr. Newton came in from the village with papers and a letter from George, saying:

"Our boys will not complain much longer of inactivity, I think. There is every indication of some important movements, and our generals lead the men into the field efficiently we may hope that this sad rebellion will soon be quelled and peace once more bless the land."

George's letter was written in the hurry and excitement of preparing his men for action the next day. It was short, but full of zeal and courage. He spoke in high praise of the men under his command.

"You will have no cause to blush, dear ones, if we hear ourselves half as gallantly on the field as these privates will do. A set of more earnest, determined men I never saw."

"It would be glorious if our generals were as ready to give themselves as unselfishly to their country's service as are our common soldiers, but I greatly fear that at the beginning our work will be retarded and the war protracted for months, when weeks should end it, by the maneuvering of those in command, some of whom appear to be thinking far more of their own petty political ambitions than of the glory and honor of our country."

"My dear Lillian, if all our leaders were as kind, yet firm, as trustworthy and pure hearted as your noble husband, I feel that a very short time would suffice to bring peace and good will once more to bless our land."

Tears were falling, gently when the letter was ended, but Rose's eye alone was undimmed. After a moment's pause she stepped softly to her mother's side, saying:

"I waited but for this, dear father and mother, and now I must reveal my intentions and crave your blessing, feeling sure you will raise no objections to that which I solemnly believe to be a call of duty. I wish to offer myself as a nurse and secure a place near my brothers, and if possible I would be there before any battle, that I may be near whatever be their fate. Will you let me leave tomorrow?"

"Why, my dearest Rose," exclaimed her mother, "you could not be ready even if it were wise for you to undertake such a mission. Think how little you know of nursing, my dear girl; how little you have been accustomed to such deprivations as you must meet in that situation; how little you have seen of wounds and pain and agony."

"More reason, mother, that I should now learn. As for deprivations, have I not known as much as have my brothers before they left us? Our men must strike life and limb in this struggle, and have our women no sacrifices to make? For some time I have been trying to find something that I could do, and for a time I felt my sex shut me off from every other manifestation of love for my country that required any self-denial. But within a few weeks Lillian made my path clear to me when she so earnestly besought her husband and parents to allow her to do what I should have done before and would do now. The reasons that withheld her will not hold in my case. Some must stay by the sick at home, for we all know that work absolutely necessary to the comfort and strength of those who go out from among us is to be done here as well as in the field."

Rose had spoken clearly and without excitement, such as was visible among all her listeners. All were much surprised, and after she ceased they remained silent for some moments. Then her father, turning to Mrs. Newton, said:

"I do believe, my dear wife, that Rose is right, and hard as it will be to send her from us, yet I am impressed with the idea that God has put it in her heart to do her part in this great work."

"But, my dear Edward, our child has no experience in a sickroom—not the least—and has she, so tenderly nurtured, so lovingly shielded—has she nerve to witness the shocking scenes that must meet her eye daily?"

"Ah, my child, you could not bear it."

"Some one must, mother, and why should I be exempt? I seek it not for pleasure or to gratify my taste, and yet I may find more satisfactory and abiding peace in this holy work than I ever experienced before."

"Again, wife, I must say I think our child judges correctly. I do not fear that she will be injured by the mission."

"What says Lillian? Does she approve of her sister's plan?"

"Most decidedly, and I would gladly join her myself could I gain yours and my husband's consent. I have been

longing to repeat my first petition every hour."

"No, no, your mother must not be left without one daughter. We cannot spare you both unless there are some special calls than we have you had for a moment."

"Dear Rose," said Mrs. Newton, with some hesitation, "you must pardon me if before I give my answer I should like to know your feelings more fully by hearing or seeing more of Greenville than will be for your peace of mind."

A deep flush overspread her face for a moment, but she answered calmly: "I understand you, my kind mother. I have thought it all over. I make no boast of coming through this trial unscathed. There is a sore spot still at my heart. I have been for some time making all needed preparations to start at a moment's notice, and now, mother, give me your blessing and permission to start tomorrow."

"My darling child, I dare not refuse if your heart is so moved toward this work, but I found fighting against the direct teaching of Providence. I have tried to give up my children cheerfully to this good work, but I have not thought that my daughters might be called as well as my sons, not but what my sons are as precious," said the mother, her eyes resting lovingly on Alfred.

"But, Rose, you cannot take this journey alone, and there are some preliminary steps to be taken at Washington before you will be allowed to go as nurse to your brother's camp."

"I will go with my girl and see that all is safely arranged before I leave her," said Mr. Newton. "But on second thought, my child, I do not see how you can leave so early as you desire. You will need money, I have but little."

"No, father, you need not trouble. You know I have not used my money for months, and shall have no further use for it. I sold Alfred's savings to try and find a purchaser for him. He has sold for \$500."

"But, sister," said Lillian, "this sacrifice must not be made. You surely will not hesitate to let your brother Eastace defray all your expenses?"

"It is no sacrifice, sister mine. I have not seen Eastace since—that day" (Greenville had bought the horse at Mr. Newton's sale and presented it to Rose) "and do not wish to."

"Well, my Rose, you shall leave tomorrow, and our God will have you in his holy keeping."

Mr. Newton had no difficulty in securing a nurse's position for his daughter or of obtaining permission for her to locate near her brother's station.

There was great rejoicing in Dunbar's camp when these unexpected guests arrived and appeared before the brothers. They said Rose was just the one needed. There were many then in the hospital sick and pining for a kind word that could cheer their hearts.

A comfortable apartment was procured for Rose in a cottage near to her chosen labor, and then Mr. Newton reluctantly bade his children farewell and hastened back to the anxious friends at home and the increasing labors of the farm.

The planting was accomplished, fruit trees blossomed and set, promising an abundant harvest, and the straw berries already showed bright, ruby fruit which profusion. At a suggestion from some horticultural friends Mr. Newton early in the spring made very satisfactory arrangements for the prompt sale of all the fruit he wished to dispose of, and that encouraging and remunerative beginning dispelled all fears for the success of the new enterprise in which they had embarked.

The war and the absence of their children were the only shadows over their household, and but for that Mrs. Newton and Lillian often said they should have been too happy. They were naturally enthusiastic lovers of the country, and their freedom from the shackles of fashionable life and the change to the useful and common sense occupation of the farm was a relief to them. They looked to the past with regret and to the future with hope.

So aged in the days at the farm. Active labor by day for all (for Lillian insisted on bearing her full share as strictly as before her marriage had given her complete rest if not wealth) at night hours and papers for the men and the long walks for the women.

The papers and news from the army were the first chosen and thumbed from the loved ones as eagerly looked for. The expected battle, which had so excited our friends, was still delayed, to the great disgust and wonder of those who had given up home and its comforts to work for the country.

In a letter home Rose wrote: "My life is as different from your own, my sister, as one can well imagine, so unlike anything I have ever experienced that I scarcely realize that I am an inhabitant of the same world I once lived in."

"Many a poor fellow committed to my inexperienced care would be so much comforted if there was some one here to speak to him from a mother's heart. To see a fair, young boy—for many are but boys—with a broad, white brow that a mother's lips have often blessed, and the bright brown curls clustering around it that some fond sister has fondly played with, as I used to with Ralph's—sick, wounded or dying, and hear him when his mind wanders or the death film closes his eyes, call 'Mother! mother!' Then I am so powerless. My voice but mocks his longing! Such scenes I, who never saw death before, have witnessed often within the last month, and at times my heart is full of agony."

"Ah, Lillian, my sister, you do not yet know what a noble husband God has given you. He is the ideal of his regiment. Most deservedly so. I wish you could see his camp. It is the admiration of all soldiers. George and Ralph are great favorites here. Ah, father, you may well be proud of such sons."

"In a few days, or I greatly mistake the signs, there will be a stout battle here. I am not revealing any secret. It is freely spoken of, as it has been often before, and nothing came of it. But

this time there can be no mistake. Everything indicates such an event more clearly than ever before, and our men are full of enthusiasm in consequence. But be not overzealous, my beloved ones; we know that our cause is a right one."

Thus wrote Rose, and the tone of this and other letters gave comfort and confidence to the family at home. Even her mother acknowledged that her daughter had done wisely in entering on such duties and felt she could in no way have risen so bravely above the shock Greenville's treason had given her as by laboring for those who were true to their country.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," said Mr. and Mrs. Newton, while they were accumulating riches for their children, had also sown good seed in their hearts and watered and nurtured it with their prayers. The wealth had vanished, but the fruit of the spirit was ripening into an abundant harvest. They had put their trust in the Lord, and verily they had not been disappointed."

CHAPTER XII.

And now there came frequent tidings of one battle after another, but always followed speedily by telegrams from home to assure the anxious home friends that, although the first in the conflict and the last to leave the field, her brothers thus far had been mercifully preserved unharmed. Dunbar's horse had once been shot under him, but he escaped without injury. His brave men, however, had suffered terribly. More than 30 of George's regiment had fallen, and 12 more were now in the hospital, watched over by their gallant captain's sister with a tenderness and hearty sympathy that made her like an angel in their midst.

Then came another pause, during which the regiments had leisure to fill up their broken ranks, recruit their exhausted strength and restore order again in their camps. But it was only the quiet of the tempest while it gathers force to burst again upon the earth with fury and desolation.

Our friends at the farm had enjoyed one of those quiet, delightful Sabbaths that July sometimes bestows after a severe summer storm. Toward evening all were on the veranda watching the shadows falling over the clover fields, while the sun edged the grand old hills with fire as he slowly sank to rest behind the dark mountains that overlooked the peaceful lake.

Just then a horse's hoofs were heard, and the next moment a horse and rider were seen rapidly approaching the house. It was an uncommon occurrence on the Sabbath, and every face betokened alarm.

As the rider halted at the steps Mr. Newton rose and received a dispatch. The boy lingered one moment and then rode quickly away. To how many does the sight of a telegram bring fear and forebodings of evil, even when from business necessities they are of frequent occurrence, and how one not accustomed to receiving them shrinks from the first glance of the contents! Thus stood Mr. Newton, while every eye turned anxiously toward him. His own face was very pale and his hand trembled when at last he opened it. As his eyes took in the message a heavy groan burst from his lips, but he instantly controlled himself as his wife and daughter exclaimed:

"Oh, my boy!" "My husband!"

"Be brave, my dear ones. It is from Rose. A fearful battle at Bull Run. We are shamefully beaten. Eastace slightly wounded, but George and Ralph are missing. Come—come to me quickly!"

Alas, was not this a bitter cup? How will they bear it? The noble father, the tender mother, the loving bride and sister and the dear younger brother! Their faith and trust in God must be strong indeed to carry them safely through these deep waters!

Lillian was the first to speak. "We must go at once, dear father. Eastace will be well cared for, but Rose needs counsel and support immediately."

"Yes, my darling. But there is no train that we can reach till early Monday morning."

"My dear wife, you are not well. I dread this rapid and exciting journey for you. Will you not remain at home, leaving Lillian and myself to do what we can for our children, yet keeping you informed by daily telegrams?"

In the early morning Alfred returned. "Good news. I telegraphed to Rose as soon as I reached the city and received this answer in 10 minutes before I was obliged to leave," handing the dispatch to his father.

"George is with us. Eastace doing well, but Ralph is a prisoner. Let Alfred come with Lillian. Father and mother can do nothing toward Ralph's release."

Great was the joy at this release from part of their fears, but it was with difficulty that the mother could be persuaded to relinquish the idea of going herself. She at last consented on one condition—that her husband should accompany Lillian, leaving Alfred to supply his father's place at home.

Mr. Newton and his daughter reached the camp without any delay, sending back by the night wires an immediate report of their safe arrival and the comfort their presence gave the anxious children.

At noon the next day came the following: "Ralph is safely with us. Expect a letter the next mail."

The letter came in due time, as follows: "Dunbar's wound in the left arm, from a bayonet thrust, was slight, and would not have kept him from his work a day, but at the same time he was knocked from his horse, rescued by his men and carried from the field."

"George and Ralph have been wonderfully preserved. Their regiment was among the most fearless and daring."

In a letter to his wife Mr. Newton thus describes how Ralph appeared in the Union lines:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lillian, Francis and George. It seems that they have come to stay. Ralph's wounds are not serious. Ralph's wounds are not serious. Ralph's wounds are not serious.

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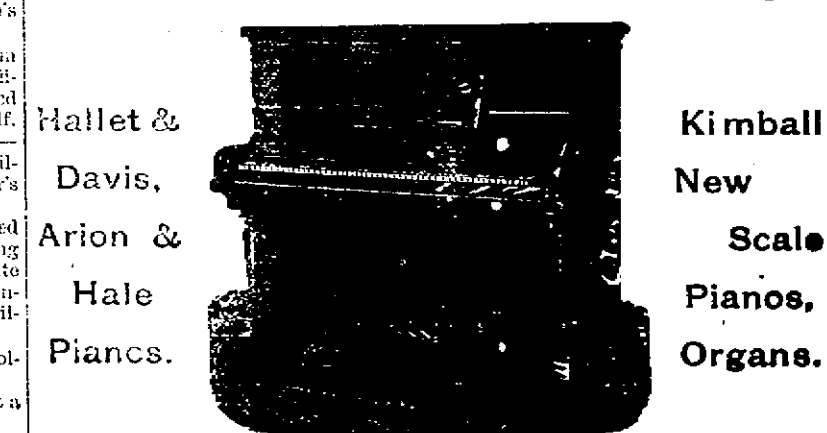
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